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DETECTIVE STORIES

MYSTERY MAGAZINE

JULY 15, 1923

NO. 136

FEATURE DETECTIVE STORY

THE DOOM OF THE DAMNED

by Joe Burke

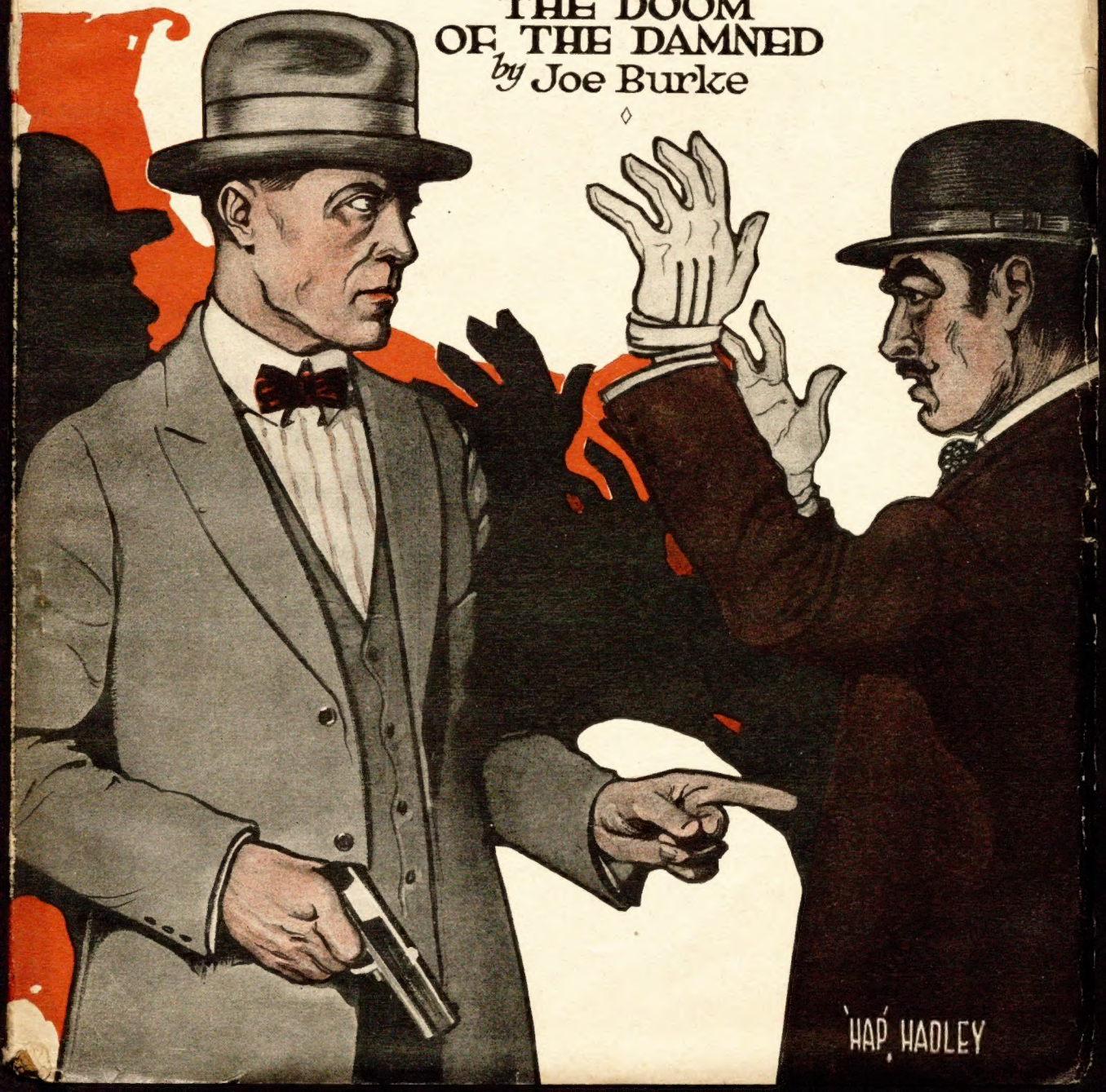

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

FEATURE STORY

THE DOOM OF THE DAMNED. By Joe Burke 3

SERIAL STORY

A CLEVER GAME—PART ONE. By Donald George McDonald 45

SHORT STORIES

IN A WOMAN'S PRISON. By An Ex-Warden 16
"WHOLE HOG OR NONE." By Gardner Hulett 19
GUILTY, BUT NOT CONVICTED. By R. C. Morton 23
THE UNEXPECTED CLUE. By Gilbert Hammond 26
EMPIRE STATE GUARDIANS. By H. Mills 33
THE LIMIT. By Albert Chenicek 39
PERFECTLY OBVIOUS. By James Perley Hughes 53

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES

FLAPPER ACTS AS LOOKOUT 15
OUST TWO SING SING PRISONERS FOR SMOKING 30
METHODS OF DETECTIVES 31
WIFE ARRESTS TWO 32
TRICKS OF ASSAYERS 37
FINGERPRINTS IDENTIFY PICTURES 38
LICENSED BANK VAULT WRECKING 41
PRETENDED DEATHS 42
KIDNAPPERS SEIZE GIRLS IN STREET 52

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A Splendid Offering

YOU are bound to be pleased with the next number of the magazine, for it is going to contain a large number of good snappy detective stories, and fine special articles. We particularly call your attention to the featured mystery story, written by Gilbert Hammond, entitled

"THE CONSUMING DEATH"

It is one of those unusual stories of tantalizing mystery that rivet your attention, and hold you spellbound to the end.

Among the short stories, there will be a number selected from hundreds for their deep interest, lively action, and gripping plots. Here are the titles:

"VANISHING SPARKS," by James W. Eagan

"SLICKER SLIM'S LAST JOB," by James R. Fringess

"BLOODLESS BLUE," by Arthur W. Lockwood

"THE CLUE IN THE MAIL," by Maurice R. Coons

There will also be an intensely interesting article from Carl H. Getz, showing the methods of crooks in working various swindling games. By reading these exposures of criminals' tricks our readers will be on their guard against being victimized themselves. Do not fail to read this article, under the title

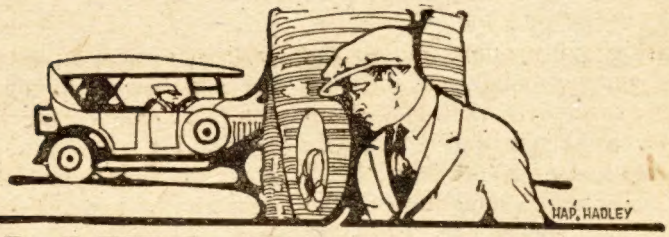
"SOME UNUSUAL CRIMES"

In addition to all these good things the magazine will contain an assortment of interesting short articles, and the conclusion of Donald George McDonald's splendid little serial which begins in this number:

"A CLEVER GAME"

We have some very pleasant surprises coming for future issues of this publication. Keep your eye on this page for the announcements.

THE EDITOR.



THE DOOM OF THE DAMNED

—by Joe Burke—

CHAPTER ONE

DETECTIVE NED INGALLS squared his broad shoulders and filled his deep lungs with air. He had just rounded the corner of the affluent Commonwealth avenue in Boston and paused, his keen eyes sweeping the spacious boulevard. The hour was close to midnight on a sultry night in the early half of August. The starless sky was turbid, and a threatening rain was obvious as puffs of warm wind were kicking up swirls of dust, and the low rumbling of thunder could be heard from afar. Peace and happiness seemingly reigned within those somber dwellings that majestically lined each side of the avenue, embellished by the park that ran through the centre. A twinkling light here and there blinked through the obscurity, but the shuttered windows indicated the absence of the occupants.

Ingalls was not the type of old school, derby-hatted, bristly-mustached and square-toed-shoed sleuth of a few decades ago. He had ear-marks of authority plastered all over him. About thirty years of age, he was six feet tall in his stockings, straight as a pine and as pliant as an athlete. His comely features were clear and regular, and his gray eyes gleamed forth a clean mind. He lived with his widowed mother in a little cottage on the outskirts of the city. Before his promotion to detective headquarters he was a member of the mounted squad. As an equestrian Ingalls had few equals. Many commendations and shields had been awarded him for deeds of courage.

He sighed as he snapped shut his watch-case. He noted it wanted fifteen minutes to twelve o'clock. Four houses from where he was standing a colossal brown stone mansion loomed up weird and ghostly through the silent night. Shutters, with the customary peep-holes, covered the lower windows and a massive brass-studded oak door barricaded its front. That old colonial abode conjured up a picture of stately dames in hoop-skirts and lace and fiery Tories with powdered wigs, buckled shoes and silk coats and knee breeches. But only their photo-painted memories breathed within its walls, as from the numerous gilt-framed canvases Silas Dunning's ancestors looked out grim and dignified.

Silas lived there with his only child, a daughter, Theda, the girl of Ingalls's dream.

As the poet raves, there were luminous depths in her brown eyes, and her lips were red and her face divine. However, her

hair was her distinguishing characteristic—black and riotously wavy.

Reminiscently the detective lived over again the one blissful moment of his life: the thundering sound of a galloping horse, a terrified girl clinging frantically to the saddle of her running mount, and then the rescue; those brown eyes that looked up at him on her awakening and mumbled: "Ned, dear—my horse—take care of her." That was Silas Dunning's daughter and the one time she had spoken his Christian name.

"Hot night; guess I'll be getting home," he muttered as he turned to retrace his way down the avenue.

The purr of a motor halted his steps as the gleaming headlights of an automobile, its flaring rays penetrating the inky darkness, hove in view. That same automobile stopped at the fourth house on the street from where he was standing.

"Singular that a car would stop there and the Dunnings all away," he soliloquized as he walked towards the halted automobile.

"Good-evening! Ah, good-evening, Mr. Dunning," greeted the officer. His flashlight was centred on the face of a swarthy creature who was alighting from the machine. "You'll have to pardon me, sir, but the crime wave is keeping us all on the alert."

"Very good. Very good, officer," Dunning answered. "Ah! I might have known that it was you, Ingalls. Always on the alert."

He turned from the detective with a nervous "Good-night," and with a quick tread he mounted the steps. For a few seconds he fumbled with the lock on the heavy door as the officer watched him curiously.

"Old man looks a little off-color tonight," thought Ingalls as Dunning swung the door open and the detective turned to go. Then a sudden thought seized him.

"Stopping for the night, sir?" asked the officer as Silas Dunning was just snapping on the vestibule light.

He whirled, unaware of the officer's presence.

"Yes," he snapped out curtly as he banged the door and was gone from view.

CHAPTER TWO

AT exactly ten minutes to one o'clock that same night Policeman Moody, who was standing at the same corner that a little more than an hour ago was graced by the presence of Ingalls, turned to walk to the patrol-box on the next corner. At one o'clock his relief would come, and then he could go back to the police station. A light rain was falling, and only the siren of some taxi's klaxon broke the stillness of the night. Moody had hardly taken three steps when he was brought up standing by two muffled reports that to his experienced knowledge he knew to be pistol shots. Drawing his revolver, he ran back in the direction from whence the shots had come.

In front of the Dunning house he halted. A flicker of light through the window-shutter peephole was the cause. He was unaware of the coming of the master of the house an hour or so before, and even if he had been there was the light and those two shots. Up the steps went the policeman, his revolver at ready, his strong face grimly set. At the massive door he halted, then jumped gingerly to one side. The door was ajar. For a few seconds he waited, moved cautiously, and peered into the dark beyond. He brought his flashlight into play and swept the darkness with its penetrating gleam. Warily he advanced inside and discovered the inner door was also open. He pushed it open boldly and stood stock-still. On the left was the beautiful library of the house of the Dunnings. The door was wide open. Officer Moody gripped his gun harder as he moved forward. From within a brilliant light filled the doorway.

Moody wasn't long in reaching that frame of light; then he got a shock that made him gasp. Sitting on a chair beside the priceless table that had been handed down from generations and seemingly perusing a book was a man! How long the officer stared at the figure on the chair he didn't know, but as his eyes became more accustomed to the light of the room the bowed form became more familiar. And it wasn't Silas Dunning! The reader's head arose slowly and looked straight into Moody's face.

"You?" gasped the policeman, his revolver swinging up and straight on the level with the sitting man's head. "Stick up your mitts, Parlo, and be d—— quick about it, too! I figure there'll be some little explaining 'round here t'night—what!"

The man that Moody called Parlo smiled as he laid the book on the table and elevated his hands. The officer was now standing over him.

"What are you doing here? Who fired the shots?" He was sniffing the air in the room like an old war charger. Only a faint odor of powder assailed his nostrils. But that was enough for him. The shooting was done in that room; he was sure of that. Parlo was looking up at him with a sneer on his thin lips.

"I'll answer no questions asked of me by a common policeman or any one else. This hallelujah attitude is rather tiresome. If you're going to take me in, have it over with."

Fifteen minutes later Parlo was being grilled at police headquarters, and Detective Ingalls was notified of the arrest.

Doss Parlo was a South American by birth. His mother was a Portuguese and his father was a Spaniard. At first glance one would think he was a musician. He was of slight build—very slight. His raven-black hair hung down over his scrawny neck and hid his ears from sight. A pair of cobra-like eyes gleamed atop of a thin nose and a small, cruel mouth. He was known internationally as a "trader." Gun-running and smuggling was his specialty; deft with a knife and a crack shot. Almost every policeman the world over had seen him or his photograph.

The story that Detective Ingalls listened to at headquarters was this: Parlo was at Silas Dunning's house that night by appointment. What the nature of the meeting was he would not reveal, other than it involved a big business deal. The pitiful human tragedy colloquially designated as "the third degree" failed to bring forth any more information. He closed up like a clam. He was held on a technical charge of forcible entry on the evidence of Detective Ingalls.

The rain had ceased and gray dawn was breaking in the east when Ingalls arrived at the Dunning home. The uniformed policeman on guard touched his cap respectfully as he opened the door to admit the detective.

"Anything new, Brady?"

"No, Mr. Ingalls; haven't heard or seen a thing, sir."

The detective entered the magnificent library and went to the table where lay the book that the prisoner had been reading when Moody came upon him. Picking it up, he turned it over in his hand, opened it, and then laid it back again on the table. The book was Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables."

"Nothing in that; probably a stall." As his eyes swept the room something gritty beneath his shoe that he had been moving carelessly back and forth on the heavy rug claimed his notice. Dropping to his knees, he brushed his fingers lightly over the spot where he had been standing and gave a little start as he raised his hand. On two of his fingers there were flecks of blood! Taking a pocket-comb from his pocket, he combed the luxurious nap of the rug and brought to the surface a small mass of tiny pieces of porcelain. After a careful examination of his find he arose and carefully scrutinized the table again.

"Just as I thought," he mused as he bent over and was gazing at the faint outlines of a circle on the polished surface. "There was a vase of some kind there, and it was knocked off and broken in the struggle, if there was a struggle. But where are the pieces? Where is the body, if there is one? Moody and Brady searched the house from cellar to attic so thoroughly that even the body of a bird could not be concealed. Parlo says that he found the doors open when he arrived and no one about the house."

Ending his soliloquy, the detective shook his head and once more dropped to his knees.

Crawling about the floor and noting every little detail, he at last came to a part of the bare polished floor near the paneled wall

beneath the edge of the mantelpiece that topped the beautiful tiled fireplace. A triangular dent in one of the boards, about a quarter of an inch deep and coming to a point in the centre, was another reward of his quest.

"Looks as if some heavy object had fallen from the mantelpiece," he spoke aloud as he looked up to the place mentioned. "Something heavy with a sharp corner would make a dent like that. And it's a new one, too. A marble clock would do it, but, again, where's the clock or whatever it was that made it?"

Still puzzled, he was about to arise to his feet when he stopped and listened intently. From somewhere, seemingly coming from beneath the spot where he was kneeling, was the chime of a clock striking the hour. The detective looked at his watch and found it was on the minute of four o'clock.

"That's queer," he thought as he arose and walked to the door. "There's something strange about this case—and about this house, too. Maybe old Dunning has got a clock downstairs that makes that ghostly toll. I'm gona have a look down there."

Ingalls combed every room in the basement, and even the cellar, but not as much as a cheap alarm clock could he find. Not satisfied, he made a round of the upper rooms, with the same result. A few clocks were found, but not one that chimed that uncanny toll.

Detective Ingalls had no deduction to muse over as he seated himself in the library after his tour of inspection. That broken vase, if it was a vase, might have fallen at any time in the past. Silas Dunning was a collecter of antiques, and perhaps had broken it himself. The dent on the floor—what significance could he attach to that? A hundred things might have made it. But there was one thing that could not be obliterated from that keen mind—the clock that chimed the hour of four as he knelt on the floor.

"That's all I can do here, I think, until I see Theda Dunning and the prisoner. I thought I'd let the chief and the rest of the boys grill the Spaniard before I took a hand at him. What they told me over the phone as to what they could get out of him wasn't much. He may come across to me—maybe. But I must see Theda Dunning first. I'll let Parlo soak for a few hours. Theda may be able to tell me something that I can fling at him. God! There it goes again!"

With a bound he was out of the chair and kneeling with his ear to the floor. He could distinctly hear the weird tolling of an invisible bell. Somewhat perturbed, the detective arose in deep thought. For an instant he gazed fixedly at the floor; then, shaking his head slowly, he turned and left the house. In the vestibule he found Policeman Barry still on guard.

"Allow no one to enter, Barry, except members of the family or any one with an order from the chief. I'll be back by noon, and please tell the officer that relieves you what my orders are. I am going to take charge of this case and don't want anything disturbed."

"I'm on, Mr. Ingalls," smiled the officer as he saluted.

As the detective descended the spacious brownstone steps he drew out his watch. It was five minutes after five o'clock. The bell had struck the hour of five five minutes since.

CHAPTER THREE

THE hour was too early to call Theda Dunning on the long-distance phone—she was at her summer home in Newport, R. I.—so Ingalls concluded to go to headquarters and then to the jail to interview Parlo. Twenty minutes afterward the detective was in the office of the police head, and was draping his person over the chief's desk.

"Hello, Ingalls," greeted Chief Foss. "How's every old thing? Have you sent the wagon after the body?"

He grinned as he looked quizzingly at his young subordinate, who was looking down at him thoughtfully.

"Greeting, chief," replied the detective, his strong face relaxing into a smile.

"There's no body, chief, dead or alive. Am I to handle the case?"

"Sure," said Foss somewhat sharply. "Is there anything connected with it that is going to embarrass you? You know that I understand how you feel towards Miss Dunning."

"Oh, no, chief," quickly explained Ingalls, a deep red flooding his face. "I want to take this job. I want this case more than I ever wanted any case." Then he laconically told the chief what he had found and heard.

"Nothing much to the broken vase and the dent in the floor, I'll admit," Foss was saying. "But that bell stuff—case of nerves, don't you think, Ingalls? Why don't you go down and see if you can make that dago come across with a confession?"

"Guess I will, chief," agreed the young detective. He saluted and left the office.

Parlo sulked in the detective's presence, and for a while would only glare at him with his snaky green eyes and shake his head. But Ingalls knew men. He didn't bully, threaten, promise or bluff. He smoked in silence and waited. At last he arose from the iron cot and called to the warden to open the cell door. As the key grated in the lock the prisoner called out to the detective, who was standing at the door:

"Have you found anybody?"

Ingalls turned slowly.

"Yes. So you might as well tell me how it happened."

Parlo broke into a chuckling laugh. The warning of the rattlesnake was music in comparison to it.

"That's a good one, Ingalls; you see *I know* better."

"As you like," Ingalls told him and left the cell.

CHAPTER FOUR

THAT afternoon Theda Dunning arrived at her Boston residence. Ned Ingalls was awaiting the girl when the police guard ushered her into the library. Her face was pallid and wan as she greeted the detective.

"Oh, Ned, what's it all about? Tell me, has anything happened to father? What has come over our home?"

A burst of tears followed her questions, and the detective did his best to console her. After the storm of tears she looked up, red-lidded and abashed. Ingalls had told her all the circumstances.

"Did your father ever entertain a man named Parlo?" He then went on to describe the suspect.

"No," she answered without hesitation, "I don't remember any one of that name or that description. But, Ned, dear, that does not imply that such a person was not associated with my father in business. You no doubt know that my father—and the Dunnings for generations back to the days before the Revolution—were traders and ship owners. Daddy was the last of the male descendants. He closed out his affairs a few years ago and retired. That was after mother died." Her voice broke at the mention of the name of her mother, but she bravely went on: "My father always kept his business secrets to himself. He never made a confidant of either my mother or myself. He had a private secretary, who died a month before daddy retired. He was a German. My father, although never a very loving parent, was a good provider. He was away most of the time, and even when he was at home he was stoically indifferent. There were times—oh, Ned, I don't like to think it—when father showed the symptoms of a drug addict. I've seen a few of them among the so-called upper set. A lot of degenerates, I'd call them. That, Ned, is all I can tell you about my father's affairs."

Ned Ingalls was beaming on the lovely girl before him. The hot blood in his veins was racing like mad, and he longed to gather her into his arms and ask her to let him protect her. But that would be too indiscreet. He must not allow his love for Theda Dunning to interfere with the duty to which he had been assigned. Time enough for that when he had cleared up the mystery of her father's disappearance.

"Tell me, Theda," he began, after she had composed herself, "did you know any-

thing about your father's collection of antiques—a vase or something heavy that was in this room? Try and think, dear. You know that my interest in this case is more than that of a police officer's obligation to his oath."

With puckered brow her limpid eyes searched the room as she vaguely tried to memorize some missing article. Then, like the morning mist before the rising sun, her face cleared as her eyes rested on the table.

"If I remember right, Ned, daddy had a vase that he received from a collector in Calcutta a few days before we closed up the house to go to Newport. I know he had it setting on the corner of the table. And, oh, yes, Ned," she exclaimed suddenly, "there was another relic that he prized above price! It was a grim memory of the Philippine rebellion. It was a clock——"

"A clock?" the detective ejaculated. Then, apologizing for his interruption, he said eagerly: "Yes, go on, please."

"A clock built by a soldier who was taken prisoner by the Moros and escaped their cruel torture because he pleased their Dato by his singing. It was during the year of nineteen hundred and nineteen, when our soldiers were rounding up lawless bands that were keeping the insurrection aflame, that a small command, in charge of a sergeant named Daune, were on a scouting expedition in the mountains. Now this noncommissioned officer was a professional singer and banjo player in civilian life. He was also an expert watchmaker. A love affair, as the story goes, was the reason that he chose to forget by joining Uncle Sam's army. They had gone into camp at sunset the night in question, after posting a guard as usual. All were a happy-go-lucky crowd and soon were making the best of their lot, singing and cracking jokes. Of course Daune was the centre of their musical fun, and soon his voice was ringing through the foothills and mountains. It was nothing short of sheer madness, I'll say, but those poor boys in their solitude threw discretion to the wind. Well, Ned, to make a long story short, a band of insurrectos crept up on the guard, killing them, and then attacked the camp. Taken by surprise and overwhelmed by a superior number, the little band of merrymakers were soon killed or taken prisoners.

"Well, they didn't kill the 'songbird,' as the Dato christened him. He saved Daune to amuse his royal highness. Time hung heavy on his hands, and when not singing he was closely guarded. In his odd hours he gathered together parts of several watches taken from slain prisoners and a few nickel alarm-clocks that had found their way somehow into the village. Taking these, with numerous other pieces of metal, he skillfully manufactured the inner working of one of the most wonderful clocks that was ever made. He built the frame of the clock from some native wood, and it was treated with a chemical that came from a rank growth that the natives used for poison. It hardened it to a state of petrifaction. It was an eight-day winder, striking the hour with a dismal chime. It also indicated the days of the month, forecasted the weather, and by some uncanny method the dial turned a blood red when a button was touched. There was still another little wonderful contrivance that he added to that clock. When the eight days had passed and one hour before the clock had completely run down, a clanging alarm-bell would ring furiously for five minutes, and then at intervals of fifteen minutes until the clock was stopped or wound. The natives stood very much in awe of it, which pleased their chief, who used it on his superstitious subjects with telling effect. When he summoned one of them before him for punishment he would make the shrinking wretch stand up before the clock that was holding a place of honor in their place of worship, push the button, and when the crimson flushed the dial that proved the victim guilty. The wily old scoundrel knew better, but that was a good way for him to get rid of any too popular officer in his command that might want to supplant him. He would then have the clock started, and at the end of eight days, and at the ringing of the running-down bell, the convicted one would be taken out and shot or boloed. They called it the 'doom of the damned.'

"A searching party came on the village

about a year later, and when the fight was over Sergeant Daune lay mortally wounded. The clock was given into the keeping of a brother non-com, who took it back to the States with him a year later. That's all I can account for, Ned, and I don't know what daddy did with the clock. The last time I saw it it was on the edge of the mantelpiece over the fireplace."

Detective Ingalls was thoughtful for a few seconds before he spoke. The story of the clock had impressed him more than he cared to admit.

"Now, Theda, dear," he said, arising and going to her side, "I have tired you with my investigation, and I am going to escort you to your car at once. Don't you worry until til you hear from me again."

After he had shaken hands with the girl he loved and waved her an adieu as the car glided away from the curb he made his way back to headquarters to report his information to the chief.

"A strange tale," Chief Foss was saying, after listening to the story of the clock, "but what has that to do with the disappearance of old Dunning? That yarn about hearing bells in the house and being unable to locate them—it's your nerves, Ingalls, your nerves."

The detective flushed angrily, but when he spoke his tone carried no trace of it.

"My nerves are all right, chief, and I'm going to get at the bottom of this thing if it's the last job I ever do."

"Go to it, son. I've had the city run through a strainer and the railroads and boats watched; the hospitals, hotels and even private lodging-houses were looked over without showing a clue. Close the house up, Ingalls, and look around on the outside a little. The house has been examined from cellar to attic; what more can you do there? And another thing, Ingalls, we won't be able to hold Parlo on that charge much longer. He's got to have a hearing soon, and to date we haven't a leg to stand on. That 'break and enter in the night' charge won't hold water. Both doors were wide open, and you know yourself that Dunning was at the house an hour before, so where in thunder do we fit there? He was a trader, and so was old Dunning. Not a chance. No body to produce plus not a chance on the murder stuff. The missing clock and vase—if there were such things—have no bearing on the case whatsoever. Dunning will turn up one of these days and give the department the merry ha-ha. And once and for all, Ingalls, get those hallucinations out of your bean or you'll be the joke of the force. Go ahead, now, and do as you like on your pet case, and when you're ready to give it up, then—good-day."

Detective Ingalls's next move was to get a carpenter to go to the Dunning house to look the place over again. The same result followed. Every floor-board was found intact; the panel work all over the house seemed to have no secret doors. That shattered the theory that Dunning's body might be hidden under the floor or behind the walls. But still he could hear on the hour that weird droning sound of the hidden bell.

Parlo was brought up for a hearing a few days later. Just as the grim old chief predicted, he was discharged for the lack of evidence. Detective Ingalls was on hand and arrested him on a bench-warrant as a suspicious person. The chief grinned, but was silent. Just eight days after the disappearance of Dunning the South American was given another hearing on Ingalls's second charge. During all the hours since his arrest he had never lost his composure. He was sullen and silent, and always answered any question put to him with a grin.

Detective Ingalls, somewhat discouraged and with hard lines about his face, was seated in the library of the Dunning home. Somehow he couldn't erase from his mind a pet "hunch" that the house was the tomb of a mystery. Time and time again he had heard that bell and others of the department had heard it also. But they thought little of the matter, but not so with the young officer.

"Guess I'll have to call myself beaten after to-day," he was thinking as he played with a heavy onyx paper-weight that was on the table. "I don't like to give up, especially for Theda's sake, but I'm afraid I've got to. The chief would be right if he

said I had a case of nerves now. Heavens! What is that?"

With a bound he was off the chair and standing erect in the middle of the floor, trembling. The loud clanging of a bell that seemed to come from the very bowels of the earth—from anywhere inside except in the room—was echoing madly through the house!

He sprang to the paneled wall near the fireplace and listened intently. Yes, the ringing was louder there, and seemed to seep through the solid boards! Where was it coming from? What was the mystery that was hidden somewhere beneath or behind that polished panel? Then the narrative of the soldier in the Philippines and the wonderful clock flashed across his mind, the chiming of the hours from day to day. And this was the eighth day!

"God!" he ejaculated. "I must find that bell!"

His first thought was to call up the chief and ask him to send a few men. But that would never do, he concluded. That bell might stop ringing at any minute and the laugh would be on him. Some of the force were already laughing at him for his "hunch" and vigilant persistence. No, he would use his own judgment and go ahead. Then, suiting the action to his thoughts, he rushed down into the cellar and seized an ax that was standing against the wall. Rushing back upstairs, he attacked the panel nearest the fireplace and soon the heavy wood was splintered by his powerful blows. A damp air rushed out to meet him as his ax hewed an aperture in the wooden wall, and Ingalls was breathing stertorously as he ceased the onslaught.

An inky darkness enshrouded the opening. Mingling with the dank odor was another smell. As the detective sniffed it the scent became more familiar to his nostrils. "Opium, as I live!" he gasped as he swung the ax again. His blow struck near the shattered panel where it was joined to the tile facing the fireplace. Ingalls staggered back agape and lowered his weapon as the broken panel slowly moved on a pivot. When open wide enough to admit the body of a man it stopped. The detective drew his revolver and flashlight and stepped gingerly into the opening. He found himself standing at the top of a flight of narrow iron stairs that led spirally down to some unknown depth. The bell that had ceased ringing now started its clanging again, and the sound came from below!

With his flashlight as a beacon, he started his descent. Round and round, until it seemed to the tense officer that it would never end, warily, step by step, he went. At last he stood on an earth floor at the bottom. He gasped as his light swept the crypt. Piled everywhere as far as his light could penetrate were wooden cases piled three high and thousands of shiny round cans.

"Opium, and worth a million dollars if a cent! And in Silas Dunning's house!"

Farther along the subterranean cellar he advanced cautiously, taking in every detail of his find. As far as he could see there was no end to the underground passage. The bell had ceased ringing after his descent. Now it started again with such an outburst that Ingalls almost dropped his flashlight. It was near where he was standing. Sweeping the spot with his light, his eyes rested on a small basket, such as is used to hold scrap-paper in an office. Bending over it, he found pieces of the broken vase and the wonder clock!

"What next?" He spoke aloud in an awed tone. "What next?"

But hardly had the question left his lips when he found the body of Silas Dunning! He was lying on his back near the wall, the "doom of the damned" clock almost at his head. For an instant the detective was stunned by his find as his light played over the body. Then a sudden thought assailed him, and he rushed madly towards the iron stairs. Three at a time Ingalls mounted those winding treads until he reached the top. Gasping for breath, he hurried into the library and grasped the phone.

"Chief! Chief!" he panted, when headquarters answered, "has the court turned Parlo loose? Has it? Tell me, quick!" His voice had arose to a crescendo as he waited breathlessly.

"That you, Ingalls? What the deuce is

the matter with you?" Sure they released Parlo. Why?"

"Gee!" groaned Ingalls. "How long ago?"

"About half an hour. Why? Speak up, man!"

"Chief, I've found Dunning's body."

"You—you have?" roared Foss. "Where?"

Detective Ingalls gave his chief the minor details of his discovery.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" said the police head.

"Nothing in my theory, chief," taunted the detective.

"Ah, shut up!" snapped Foss. "You're always right."

Ingalls smiled wanly.

"I'll send out an alarm and have that dago brought in, Ingalls," Foss was saying. "And I'll send you a couple of men to keep you company. I'll also send the coroner over and notify the custom officers."

"All right, but, say, will you let things stand as they are for at least an hour? I have my reasons for asking, chief; good reasons. Will you do that?"

The chief scowled at the phone before he answered. If Detective Ingalls asked a favor, he surely had a good reason."

"All right, son. But don't make it any longer. I want to get that black scoundrel under lock and key if he's the guilty party." He then hung up.

CHAPTER SIX

THE detective sat concealed in the darkened room for over an hour. A slight scraping sound from the back of the house animated him to quick action. With ready revolver he waited poised and tense. A slight scuffling sound in the hall apprised him of the intruder's approach. In an instant more a small figure framed itself in the library doorway and peered within. Then a narrow shaft of light from a flashlight appeared as the form strode quickly across the floor towards the mantelpiece. What he saw confronting him caused him to utter a snarling curse and turn. But it was too late.

"Put 'em up!" commanded a steady voice as the room was flooded with light, and he could feel the bore of a revolver barrel thrust into his back. "I thought you'd come back here when you were turned loose. Turn around and keep your hands reaching!"

Doss Parlo turned slowly around at the detective's bidding. His swarthy face was distorted with hate and passion, and his cobra-like eyes burned with the fury of the snake itself.

"You found the dog!" he snarled, his eyes straying to the open panel. "How'd you do it and escape alive?"

"What do you mean, escape alive? Speak up, now! You know your rights, and if you think it'll be good for your soul, let's hear the story."

The South American was silent for a few minutes.

"Can I put my hands down?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," assented the detective.

Parlo lowered them slowly. His eyes were now livid. As his hands were on the level with his chest he moved. But not fast enough. There were two sharp clicks as his wrists were encircled by a pair of shining handcuffs.

"Thought you'd try something like that," smiled the officer. "Now I'll relieve you of your weapons."

That done, the detective stepped back. A revolver and a wicked-looking knife were Parlo's arms.

"Sit down and talk. Or how'd you like a little more of that third-degree stuff?"

"No, no, officer. I guess it's all off. So I might as well make you my father confessor as that bull-headed chief of yours."

Ingalls smiled, but was silent.

"You see," Parlo began, "Dunning has been hiding behind a cloak of respectability. He was the head of an opium ring that has been flooding the country for years. I first met him in China when I was gun-running, before the Boxers' uprising. We formed a gentlemen's partnership and made money fast. Well, what's the use of going into details? I was always running afoul of the

law, and Dunning never had one finger of suspicion pointed towards him. He played only one game. I played several. Well, everything went along all right until my daughter grew to womanhood. Blast him!" Parlo fumed as he started up in his chair. "He made a crook, an opium smuggler, of her."

"Sit down," ordered Ingalls quietly.

"Well," Parlo went on, "I took him to task for it, but he said that his wife was an invalid and if she died he would marry my little girl. When this finally happened and I reminded him of his promise, he laughed in my face and defied me. 'I am a respectable trader,' he would scoff at me. 'You are a gun-runner and a smuggler. How can I marry the daughter of a crook?' Then my Noma died, and I swore to be revenged. I hid my vindictive feeling towards him, and he thought that everything died with my little girl. I told him one day that I had decided to go back to South America, buy a plantation, and settle down. Half that opium that you no doubt have seen in that underground passage is rightfully mine. I ran all the risks, while he merely kept it hidden. My plans met with his approval; in fact, I think he was pleased at my suggestion. I came to the house that night to settle accounts with him and came to the point at once. He heard me out, and said:

" 'You've got your nerve with you to ask an even split.' Then he threatened to turn me over to the police. I asked him how he was going to account for the stuff below. He was aware that I knew the secret of the panel. Next to the tile frame of the fireplace there is a hidden spring that could not be discovered in a lifetime. You must have hit it with the ax when you were battering it down. That, as you now know, led to the stored drugs. But that night he sprung a surprise on me. He pointed out, just inside the panel on the left, an iron lever. 'One pull of that,' he said, 'will destroy all evidence forever. The bottom of that subterranean cellar is an oak platform of a massive thickness. The concrete that covers it is only a blind. One pull of that lever and the floor would drop down on one end like a trap-door, and all the stuff would be at the bottom of the Charles river.'

"I didn't doubt him," Parlo went on fiercely. "He was devil enough to concoct anything. Then again there was a hidden menace in that damnable hole; I don't know how you escaped it. It is a monstrous python. He brought it here on his return from a trip to the tropics and used it as a watch-dog over his opium. The reptile wouldn't hurt him, but it was always ready to wind that thick body around me and crush out my life, and he knew that. All the time I could see through his plan. He was going to hog all the opium and throw me out with a few paltry dollars. As I told you before, I came there to kill him. But I wanted money and I tried another method. 'How would you like to have me go and tell your daughter all I know about her dear father?' I asked him. He was winding a clock that was setting on the corner of the mantelpiece, and he whirled on me like a tiger, knocking it off on the floor as he did so. 'Blast you!' he hissed as he advanced towards me. I knew that any chance to get my share of the money that he would derive—if he had lived—from the stuff was gone. I whipped out a knife and awaited his attack. He was a stronger man than I, even though he did indulge in the poppy seed himself. He sprang, and before I had a chance to use my knife he had disarmed me and struck me to the floor. I drew out my revolver and shot him twice. In falling he knocked the vase off the table."

"My first thought was to hide in the secret crypt until the body was found and then make my escape. But the idea of being a companion to that filthy reptile banished all such thoughts from my mind. I then hurriedly gathered and swept up with a whisk-broom all the pieces of the broken vase. Those I put into a waste-basket, and in my excitement I threw the clock in also. I then opened the panel and deposited the lot where you no doubt found it. The revolver and knife I placed in Dunning's pocket and then dragged the body downstairs. That was some job, I can tell you. While doing all that I had lost a lot of time. Then I heard the officer coming, and

knew that my chance to get away unseen was impossible. You know the rest. I had no weapon on me; I could prove that I came to see Dunning on business, and there was nothing in sight that was incriminating. I'm not sorry, officer; he deserved all he got. But I do pity his little girl. You know, I had one of my own."

The man was silent for a moment and then looked up suddenly at the detective, who had risen and was walking towards the phone.

"How did you discover that there was something beyond that panel, officer, if I might ask? You must be a wizard or a mighty smart detective."

Ingalls stopped and looked down at his prisoner.

"I am neither a wizard nor a smart detective," he corrected. "It was just merely an oversight on your part that gave me the first clue that solved the mystery of this house."

"An oversight on my part?"

"Parlo, it was the clock." Then Ingalls told the dumfounded South American how the unfortunate soldier's ingenious work of art had given away the location of the body.

Parlo became excited and raved madly. He called down curses and execrations on Dunning, the clock and everything in general. He arose slowly to his feet as his blasphemy became exhausted. The detective was watching him sharply as his eyes looked furtively towards the library door.

"Then I guess it's nothing but the chair for me?" he asked hoarsely.

"You'll have to take your chances with a jury," Ingalls said, not unkindly. "It would have been better if you had stood your ground and pleaded self-defence. But tell me, Parlo, before I take you away, how did you and Dunning get the stuff in and out? Not through the doors of the house, I'll swear."

A crafty look crept into Parlo's eyes as an idea flashed into his mind whereby he might get the best of the detective. The whole success of his plan depended upon getting Ingalls interested.

"This old place was built on the site of the former mansion," he said. "It was remodeled after the old Tory Dunning homestead. That underground passage was built so that the smuggling of English taxed merchandise could be carried on and the government flimflammed out of their duties a hundred years ago. The water in those days backed up within a few hundred yards of this house. With the progress of time streets and byways took the place where once the water had been. Filling in from time to time had also blocked up Dunning's secret passage, but he had workmen, trusted men, to dig it open again. At last the improvements ceased and the granite seawall was built. Then the brain of Silas Dunning got busy again. With skilled men to do the work and under his supervision, one of the massive stones in the wall was set on a pivot. The opium would come down the river in lighters that carried coal and lumber. The only part of the floor that is movable by that lever is the part where the stuff is stored. That was the original passage, and I always thought it queer that he wouldn't allow any of the dope to be piled outside of a certain limit. Oh, he had his plans well laid! But I'll never go to the chair for that beast! Never, I'm telling you——"

And before the detective could intercept him he rushed to the open panel and sprang through into the darkness.

Calling on him to halt, Ingalls rushed after him. Down the winding stairs went the fugitive, the detective close at his heels. One shot Ingalls fired to frighten him, but it only hastened his speed. At last Parlo reached the lower passage and Ingalls could hear him groping ahead in the gloom. The detective had his flashlight out now and was sweeping the darkness with its ray. Calling on Parlo to surrender, as he perceived him making his way gingerly among the cases and cans, he was about to fire again when his hand was staid by the most unearthly cry that he had ever heard from the mouth of a mortal being. By the shaft of light that he held in his hand he saw a huge, round, squirming body raise itself from between the cases and coil around the doomed man. Shot after shot the detective fired into the giant snake, but that only incensed the monster to lash its tail with fury and

draw the South American more closely into its deadly embrace. Ingalls's revolver was soon empty. With a sickening nausea in the pit of his stomach, he turned away as he heard the sound of crushing bones and the death cry of the python's victim. Dunning's "watch-dog" had avenged its master.

Ingalls reached the library and picked up the phone. Ten minutes after Chief Foss arrived at the Dnnning house and was seated before a very pale-looking member of his department.

CHAPTER SEVEN

"BY thunder, Ingalls!" Foss was saying after he had heard the story, "it's like a fairy tale. You've made yourself, boy—yes, made yourself. This is going to put you and the department that you represent on the country's map with a big M. Put it there, Ingalls!"

The detective proffered a limp hand to his chief, who shook it warmly. Then for the first time Foss noted the distressed symptoms and the lack of enthusiasm shown by the man who had solved the Dunning mystery.

"What's the matter, Ingalls; aren't you happy? You act as if you were the murderer instead of the man that tracked him to his finish. What's wrong?"

The detective arose and stood confronting his superior. With head erect, he looked him in the eye. Unpinning his shield of office from his vest, he held it out to Foss.

"I'm done, chief," he told the amazed police head. "Just listen to me a few moments, and I'll tell you the reason that I can't go on being an officer. If things were different I would remain. But I can't do that, chief, for this case has brought me sorrow. I'm not the first one that has been a martyr to his duty, and it will be ever thus while there is a duty to perform and a true man to perform it. Do you think," he cried fiercely, "that I could bear to see that lovely girl—she's not to blame for her parent's misdeeds—see her scorned and humiliated by every one who knows her? No! A thousand times, no! I've done my duty; I'm through. Love and duty are hard to choose between, chief. I could have pulled that lever and saved her from the sorrow she will have to endure in the future, and I could have saved for myself a priceless treasure. When her father's nefarious business is exposed in the press that girl will suffer the disgrace that I brought on her. Can't you help to save her?"

Chief Foss was now glaring at the young officer. His face was working convulsively as he roared out:

"You mean—you'd have me hide the facts?"

The detective was silent.

Turning his back on Ingalls, the chief started pacing the floor of the library. His flash of anger subsided and he began to think. He had grown old in the service and had served it faithfully. The time was near at hand when he would be called on to hand in the symbol that had adorned his breast for nearly half a century, and his activities would cease with his retirement. The thought of Detective Ingalls leaving the force while he—Foss—was in harness was inconceivable!. Any other man but Ingalls. The old chief softened as his keen mind visionized the thorny path that lay ahead of the lovers. His admiration for the young detective was intensifying as he paced the room. Dunning's daughter wasn't to blame for her father's doings. Then why should the innocent girl suffer? Summing it all up, he deducted:

The opium was found and not another living soul but Ingalls and himself knew about it. Dunning was dead and so was his murderer. One pull of the iron lever that was behind the panel would send the drugs to the bottom of the river. The secret and disgrace of Dunning would be hidden. Parlo, too, would not be sought. Hadn't the court discharged him that morning with an apology? And there was that hideous serpent that guarded the hoard. Why should he break two hearts when the government and his city would profit by his judgment? He could not see any wrong in his decision, and his mind was finally made up.

The old chief stopped in his walk and faced his subordinate, who was sitting on the corner of the table looking sadly at the badge he held in his hand. The detective looked up at the chief's approach and stood at attention, a hopeless expression on his face.

"Ingalls," he began officially, "I refuse to accept your resignation on the grounds that you are not accountable for your hasty action. Pin that badge on your vest and await my orders. That's right. Now you are Detective Ingalls of the city police. I am Chief Foss, head of the department. You have been an officer long enough to know the punishment for disobedience of orders, so do as I command you. Pull the lever!"

FLAPPER ACTS AS LOOKOUT

RESIDENTS of that part of Flatbush section of Brooklyn, N. Y., bounded by Fenimore street, Rutland road, Rogers avenue and Nostrand avenue are living in a state of excitement as a result of a series of burglaries which have occurred nightly within the last few days.

Evidence in the majority of burglaries leads to the belief that they were committed by the same gang.

In the case of two of the six cases of burglary, so far reported, a girl of the flapper type was seen to be standing across the street from the house which had been entered. She was reading a letter in both cases, and standing under an arc light easily visible from the front window of the burglarized home. The theory of her presence during the burglary is that she signaled that everything was all right, so long as she continued to read the letter. In case of trouble, she probably would leave the light and proceed on down the street, thus warning her confederates on the inside of impending danger.

The girl was described as about 25 years old, of medium height, well dressed in a dark blue dress, light tan coat and light straw hat.

Between the hours of seven and ten the other night the home of Sam L. Meldrum at 312 Fenimore street, a two-family detached house, was entered through the cellar. The doors leading to the cellar and into the house were jimmied. Loot to the value of $1,000 was taken. It included $300 in Liberty bonds, $100 in cash, two watches, a scarf pin and an Eastern Star pin. Mrs. Meldrum had been annoyed by telephone calls for two days preceding the burglary.

George Sawyer, a furniture dealer, living next door at 306 Fenimore street, said that about 9 o'clock he walked out to his front porch and saw the "flapper lookout" standing across the street from his home under an arc light. The Sawyer family have also been troubled with the mysterious telephone calls, although they have not been robbed as yet.

Entrance to the home of Bertram Dunham, 485 Rogers avenue, was gained by means of a skeleton key. The burglars broke open his strong box, leaving the jimmy behind. They secured three diamond rings, one diamond lavalierre, a gold watch, four small banks containing $15 each, and a woman's fur coat, valued at $225. The value of all the goods is estimated at $1,200. A bankbook hidden under a mattress, containing $500 in $50 bills, was not found by the thieves.

Neighbors saw the "flapper lookout" again on the occasion of the robbery of the home of Harry Miles, 102 Rutland road. A diamond stickpin, a lady's gold watch and chain, two missionary boxes containing $20 and $10 in War Savings Stamps were taken.

The burglars were frightened away from the home of Eugene Walters, a wholesale butcher, 297 Fenimore street, some time between 1 and 2 o'clock the other morning.

In a Woman's Prison

By AN EX-WARDEN

I WAS for several years assistant warden in a State prison where only male convicts were confined, and I left that to become warden of a prison where over 300 females were under lock and key the year round. If forced to choose I would prefer to have charge of 500 males rather than 100 females. Most men enter prison feeling that they have deserved their punishment and anxious to make all the good time possible. No woman admits her guilt, and by the time she reaches prison she has convinced herself that she is a martyr. One not familiar with the workings of a female prison can have no idea of the trouble and annoyance an obstinate inmate can cause.

One of my first patients was a woman named Mary Noonan. She was on a life sentence for the murder of her husband, and had been in the prison five years. A change of wardens always renews the hopes of those looking for a pardon, and it always causes a change in the conduct of certain prisoners. I had not been in the new place a fortnight when I discovered that all the convicts except one were perfectly innocent of crime and had been sent up through mistake or malice. The exception was a youngish woman named Haskins, who poisoned the man who injured her and was making ready to desert her. She not only acknowledged the crime, but felt that she had only done her duty in revenging herself. The innocents were all agog for some change to benefit them, while at least a hundred expected me to recommend them for pardon. Mrs. Noonan sought an interview with me for the purpose of stating that she had discovered new evidence bearing on her case; evidence which would conclusively prove her own innocence.

The new evidence had come to her in a dream. She had dreamed that a clerk in a certain grocery near her home had stabbed Noonan before he entered the house, and that the guilty man was now anxious to confess the fact and obtain her release. The idea was so absurd and silly that I could not promise her anything, and from that hour she determined to make me all the trouble possible. She first refused to work. I gave her a day in which to think it over, and as she remained obdurate she was locked up in a dark cell with only bread and water. On the fourth day word was brought me that Mrs. Noonan was dead. I went with the prison doctor to her cell, and we found the body growing rigid and cold. Both of us had seen many cases of shamming, and, while convinced that this was another, the counterfeit was startling. The jaw dropped, the half-shut eyes had the glaze of death, and the flesh assumed that pallor which only death can bring. And yet we both felt that the woman was alive. Indeed, there was a flutter of the pulse and the heart to prove it. It was a case of animation suspended by will power.

Perhaps not more than one person in ten thousand is able to control mind and muscle in this manner. It is for a time next-door to actual death. Prisoners who have thus shammed have explained afterward that they heard every word spoken around them, though no voice sounded natural.

I ordered the body to be prepared and placed in a coffin and the coffin placed in a shed next to the laundry. I supposed this was what Mary wanted and had planned for. All the other prisoners believed her dead, and she had two or three particular friends who wept over her loss. The coffin was placed in the shed about sundown, and two men set to watch it. At midnight Mary

rose up, climbed out, and was working to loosen a board when accosted by the watchers. She returned to her work next morning as usual, and refused to answer any questions or make any explanations. About once a week for the next five years she had some new scheme to annoy me, and I was ever wondering what she would do next.

It is seldom that one hears of a woman escaping from a prison. One of the most deceptive of the inmates of the prison was a little woman of thirty, all smiles and sunshine, who had been sent up for a number of years for committing a robbery. She was good-looking, well educated, and evidently of good birth. Every word and movement was lady-like, and during the six months she had served before I took charge she had quite won the matron's heart. She was placed in charge of twelve sewing women in a room on the second floor, fronting a side street. These women made the clothing of the inmates. This sewing-room was lighted by two windows, defended by bars, of course. Off this room was a stock or store room, and Mrs. Newman, as the little woman was called, had the key to this and was in charge. There was but one window in this room. Mrs. Newman was the last person I should have picked out as a plotter. Indeed, I should not have expected her to go out had the doors been left open.

One mid-afternoon it was reported that the little lady was missing, and fifteen minutes later I had discovered that she had gone by the window. Where she got a file I never could learn, but she procured one somehow and filed off three bars. She was engaged at this work for three months. When she got ready to go she made a stout rope of cloth, fastened one end to a remaining bar, and then slid down to the earth in safety. She had secretly made herself a cap and cloak, and she walked off two blocks, boarded a street car, and was soon out in the neighborhood. A trifling circumstance led to her capture that same night. If she had planned to meet friends they had not come on. She had no money, and though the conductor did not put her off on this account, she was flurried by the situation. She got off at a street running out into the country and walked briskly away. I happened to take this same car two hours later, and overheard the conductor relating the circumstance. I caught at the idea that it was Mrs. Newman, and at ten o'clock that night I found her in a farm-house ten miles away.

The assistant forewoman in the laundry was a Mrs. Williams, who had been sentenced to seven years' imprisonment for maiming a child she had adopted. She had been in three years when I took charge. She claimed to be the victim of a conspiracy, but seemed content to bide her time. Off the laundry was a large, badly lighted room which had been intended for refractory cells, but which had never been finished up. The room was now used as a catch-all for the laundry. There were eleven women in the laundry, and in doing what she did Mrs. Williams had to blind them all. One end of this room was toward the side street, and the wall was three feet deep and sunk six or seven feet into the ground. The floor was of concrete. A month before I came the forewoman was taken sick and Mrs. Williams was promoted to her place. She could now pass anywhere about the laundry unquestioned and she at once began working on a plan to escape. Her tools were an old hatchet and a small fire shovel, and she began digging from the room described to undermine the wall. She was never absent from the laundry over a quarter of an hour at a time, and could not work at her digging over two hours per day. The other women saw her go and come, but it was not their business to inquire into her movements.

In about seventy days Mrs. Williams had gone down under the wall and was ready to break the surface of the ground on the other side. She would not risk daylight, as the other had done, but waited nearly a week until some extra wash gave her an excuse to remain in the laundry an hour later than usual. She had been gone half an hour before she was missed, and it was a full hour before the means of exit was discovered. The dirt had been carried to the rear end of the room and flung be-

hind some old tubs and mangles, and she had done her work as well as the craftiest man. She had likewise got hold of bread and meat, and when she got into the street she only went two squares before hiding herself in a barn. The owner had no horse, and as it was summer time the woman could not suffer lying on the hay upstairs. There was water below, and she economized her food to make it last as long as possible. Immediately that her escape was discovered, I used every exertion to secure her recapture, having depots watched and the country scoured in every direction. A week passed and I could not obtain the slightest clue. Then one night a barn on the alley opposite the one she was hidden in was set on fire, and before the engines got to work the roof of the other was ablaze. I happened to be early on the spot, and what was my astonishment when Mrs. Williams quietly opened the alley door and walked plump into my arms.

Another of the inmates who pulled the wool over my eyes for the moment was a Miss Hutchins, who was serving a sentence for pocket-picking. I give you her prison name, but it was said that she was the wife of a notorious thief and bank sneak. He had exhausted the law in his endeavors to get her clear, and had made his boasts that she should not serve her time out. When I took charge I was warned to be on the alert, and I kept my eyes open as far as possible. Miss Hutchins and two others were employed in making fancy baskets, which were sold to procure books and papers for the prisoners. They had a small room off the hall leading from the corridor to the laundry, and were constantly under some one's eyes; I had been in the place about three months when two young women called as visitors. It so happened that the matron was busy, and I volunteered to escort them about until she should be at leisure. We went to the bakery, kitchen, laundry, and other places, and would have passed by the basket room had they not particularly requested to enter it. Not a sign of recognition passed between the visitors and any of the three workers. A few questions were asked, some of the finished work admired, and we passed out. As the door closed behind us one of the visitors exclaimed:

"Dear me, but I have lost my gloves. I must have left them on the table in the laundry."

I, of course, volunteered to go after them, and I found them on the table. I did not stop to speak with any one, and was not absent over seventy or eighty seconds. The owner of the gloves thanked me, complained of a sudden headache, and remarked that they would trouble me no further. I passed them through two wickets and the main hall and out of the front door, and had just got seated in the office to write a letter when a messenger from the matron said I was wanted at once. When I reached her she stood beside a sharp, good-looking young woman, who was in dishabille, and a stranger. She had been discovered in one of the cells almost by accident.

"What does this mean?" I asked, failing to connect her with an absentee.

"I do not know," she replied, wringing her hands and looking in a helpless way. "Oh, sir, where am I, and won't you take me home?"

I own up that she befooled me nearly, and delayed me a quarter of an hour. It was a put-up job. The two girls had come in to do just as they did do. When I started for the gloves Miss Hutchins came into the hall. In the minute and a half she was clothed at the expense of one of the visitors, and the latter found refuge in an open cell. A carriage stood in front of the prison to carry them away, and they had a long start. There were two crooks in the job, and the party felt so elated over bamboozling me that they got drunk as they pushed along the highway for a town twenty miles off. Fifteen miles away the carriage was upset and broken, Miss Hutchins injured, and the other three arrested for brawling. Suspicion was aroused, and I was telegraphed to, and inside of twenty-four hours I had my prisoner back. Later on those who helped her escape had to serve out sentences for six months, and the crooks were wanted for a job which gave them five years apiece."

"Whole Hog Or None"

By GARDNER HULETT

IN a mid-western metropolis George F. Brian, superintendent of the United Express Company, was seated at a flat-topped desk in his private office. He was a ruddy-cheeked, substantial-looking man, gray-haired and imperious of manner. Across the desk from him Detective Jenks lounged in an easy-chair. Though Jenks was tall and knock-kneed, he was possessed of broad, quaint features, and his face at times waxed fiery red. Except for the little white lights that danced and twinkled in his eyes, one would have thought that he lacked interest in the proceedings. At one side sat Woods, special agent for the express company.

"I must confess," Brian was saying, "that I'm completely stumped. The reason I'm laying the case before you, Jenks, is that our investigations seemed to have been a failure. I'll recount for your information what we have done and what has taken place."

"I'm listening," said Detective Jenks.

"A sack of gold," began Brian, "was shipped by the First National Bank of Gainsville to the Federal Reserve Bank here, and was receipted for, in apparent good condition, by our local agent there. As such it was delivered to Messenger Bates on train Number 62. When Bates checked in his money at the end of the trip here the seal on the sack was found to be loose and in bad order. As is customary in such cases where a sack of coin gets torn open, or the seal broken, they counted the contents of the sack, and then sealed it securely. The sack was marked $25,000 and was way-billed accordingly. The receipt issued by our agent at Gainsville calls for a like amount. When the contents of the sack were counted before witnesses here, $20,000 was all that the sack contained, making a shortage of $5,000."

"A nice little sum of spending money for some one," remarked Jenks.

"True, it is not an overwhelming amount," continued Brian, "but it involves the honesty and integrity of an old and trusted employee. As the money had been in his possession for several hours, and was in his possession when the shortage was discovered, the burden of proof rests on his shoulders. I cannot but remark that, as there is a constant stream of money passing through this company's hands, such thefts cannot be left to go undetected."

"What excuse does the messenger have to offer?" asked Jenks.

"Simply that he was so pressed with work that he did not take time to examine the seal when he receipted for it at Gainsville. Also, supposing that he had discovered the bad order seal, he had made no move by bad order report or otherwise to protect himself. This strengthens the fact that if he did take the money, he relied on the money clerk to overlook the bad order seal. The seal was apparently intact, but Horn, our money clerk, who has eyes for such things, detected that the cord was loose on the sack and could be slipped off."

Detective Jenks turned to Woods, the special agent.

"You said that you went over the ground thoroughly at Gainsville. In what condition and under what circumstances was this sack delivered to your agent there?"

"It was delivered to the express office shortly before train time. As to the condition the agent was not very clear. Owing to a pressure of work, he only remembers,

from a cursory inspection, that the seal appeared in good order."

Jenks sat for a time in silence. Then, with a curious, questioning grin, he turned to Brian.

"Brian, don't tell me that you have got me up here on such an apparently simple case as this, which you and Woods are capable of disposing of. Own up to it; you are holding back some little joker."

Brian chuckled and then turned serious.

"Right, Jenks, and it is this: Some time ago I issued an order that all coin shipments were to be weighed at the point of shipment and the weight entered on the way-bill. This particular shipment was way-billed at seventy-five pounds. When the contents of the sack were counted and the sack resealed, the sack still weighed seventy-five pounds."

"The plot thickens!" exclaimed Jenks. "Then we will have to go after the agent received the shipment."

"There was neither flaw nor loophole in the agent's story," answered Woods. "He received the shipment shortly before train time and handled it in the presence of his assistants."

"Which clears his skirts," added Jenks. He was silent for a minute, then he declared: "That leads to but one answer—the sack never contained but $20,000."

"That's my opinion," agreed Brian; "money brought to the express office at the last minute during a rush hour and so on."

"Yes," admitted Jenks. "It tends to support the theory that a scheming teller could have planned the whole thing."

"Still the fact remains," declared Brian, "that we gave a clear receipt for the shipment, and as the shortage was discovered while in our possession it would take stronger proof than that to compel the bank to withdraw its claim."

"Seems to have you sewed up tight," chuckled Jenks.

Brian squirmed, but being a man of decision, he regained his self-control and declared imperiously:

"We will pay the shortage, and I will discharge those two employees for their carelessness."

"Wait," commanded Jenks. "Let's reason a bit. It seems to me that no normal bank teller would do such a thing unless he were in a pinch, and a desperate one at that. Didn't look this man up, did you, Woods?"

"Yes, to some extent."

"What impression did you get?"

"Name is Bergdahl," began Woods; "he's a sharp-eyed, clever-looking fellow, who seems to nourish a chronic grouch. Lives in the next town this way, where he usually spends Sunday."

"Any private enterprises?"

"Yes. I learned from an auto salesman that he bought heavily of Oriole Motors."

"Oriole Motors?" interrogated Brian.

"That's a new car just put on the market. Its chief virtue appears to be its low price. Trying to undersell our old friend, the flivver, I believe."

"It wouldn't be a bad idea to look up Oriole Motors. Brian, will you please send out for a morning edition?"

"I'll step out and get one," answered Brian, arising. When he had departed Jenks turned again to Woods.

"Does it not seem improbable to you that this teller could put this over without leaving some trace of it in his records?"

"If he were stupid enough to carry the gold in his cash it would show up on his daily balance; or, if he were careless, it might show up in some other transaction."

"It's worth while trying," mused Jenks. "This is Saturday noon. I'll arrange with Bank Examiner Hoyt, and we will go to Gainsville on Monday. I'll phone Hoyt now."

He picked up the telephone, called a number, and on receiving a response he inquired:

"Is Mr. Hoyt in?"

A feminine voice answered at some length, and then he hung the receiver up.

"Something doing," he said abruptly to Woods. "Hoyt is just starting for Gainsville. There is something rotten in Denmark—or Gainsville."

"Possibly," suggested Woods, "the bank officials are not satisfied with appearances."

At this moment Brian entered with the morning paper.

"Talk about your low-priced automobiles," he cried, opening up the paper and disclosing a full-page advertisement of a nationally known, low-priced car. The advertisement proclaimed in glaring headlines a slash in price of $100 on every car.

"That finishes Oriole Motors," commented Woods.

"Right," confirmed Brian. "Report shows that Oriole Motors stock is practically worthless."

Jenks arose and took in the advertisement at a glance. Then he began to talk rapidly.

"Brian, it looks to me as though the bank examiner has got the jump on us. He is leaving on the noon train for Gainsville. I've just time to catch the train also, so I will have to leave you. I'll report to you as soon as I have something worth while."

He immediately took his leave, and half an hour later he was safely aboard the train bound for Gainsville. He had no difficulty in locating Hoyt, the bank examiner, who was an old acquaintance. Taking a seat opposite, he immediately acquainted Hoyt of his mission. When he had finished Hoyt said:

"I am also going to Gainsville to look over the affairs of that bank. Certain reports have reached me lately that are not entirely to the credit of their teller."

"Do you intend making a check of the bank?"

"Not before Monday, at least. I planned to spend Sunday at Gainsville and look about a bit."

"I don't like the delay, Hoyt. Can't we get any action sooner?"

Hoyt smiled good-humoredly. "Come, Jenks; resign yourself to it. Take a day off. It will do you good. I'm not known in Gainsville, and neither are you, I suppose. A little idleness won't hurt us."

Although the delay was not all to Jenks's liking, nevertheless he said no more on the subject. That evening, after they had arrived at their destination, they registered at the town's chief hotel under assumed names. After supper Jenks, by quietly questioning the hotel clerk, learned that Bergdahl, the teller, also stayed at that hotel during the week. Later the clerk pointed out Bergdahl to Jenks. Woods's description seemed to fit the teller well.

The evening wore away and Jenks and Hoyt, after smoking and reading until they were tired, took a walk about the business part of the town. When passing the First National Bank Jenks paused.

"Must be that your teller is working overtime to-night."

He pointed to a light within the bank and a figure they recognized as Bergdahl's moving about. Hoyt paused also; then they both withdrew to the opposite side of the street to a sheltered doorway. Here they waited some minutes, idly watching. Presently the lights in the bank were snapped off, leaving the interior in darkness. In a few minutes Bergdahl emerged through a side door, carrying a suitcase in one hand and a heavy black bag in the other. Jenks and Hoyt followed him some distance, and their footsteps led them toward the depot. Here Hoyt paused with the remark:

"He is presumably going to Fairview to spend Sunday at his home."

Hoyt was about to retrace his steps to the hotel when Jenks detained him.

"Let's go a bit farther with this," Jenks suggested.

"All right; we have nothing else to do," agreed Hoyt.

They hastened after Bergdahl and reached the depot at nearly the same time. Already the town's nighthawks had begun to collect about the station, a sign of near train time. When Jenks and Hoyt entered the waiting-room Bergdahl had stepped to the ticket window and asked in a rather loud tone for a ticket to Fairview.

"Just as I told you," said Hoyt.

"I'm not satisfied yet," declared Jenks. "I'm going to take that train also. Better come on along."

After a few protestations Hoyt agreed. Though they did not purchase tickets, they boarded the train when it arrived. They found seats a few spaces back of Bergdahl, but when the train arrived at Fairview Bergdahl made no move to get off. Indeed, he seemed to have settled himself down to ride indefinitely. When the conductor came through the train Bergdahl paid a cash

fare; the destination Jenks was unable to hear. The conductor, however, enlightened him.

"Paid his fare through to the city," he answered to Jenks's inquiry. Jenks and Hoyt paid likewise.

It was in the small hours of the morning that the train drew into the train sheds at the metropolis, and everybody arose and started to file out of the coaches. Hoyt and Jenks reached the walk, where they drew back to wait for their man, but when all of the passengers had alighted and left for the waiting-rooms, Bergdahl had not as yet appeared. Hoyt grew anxious.

"Has he given us the slip?" he exclaimed.

They both sprang up on the steps of the coach and looked into the car. It appeared empty of passengers. Hoyt stepped back to the walk again, but Jenks remained a moment looking into the deserted car. He had just started to rejoin Hoyt, when the door of the wash-room of the coach was opened and a suit-case was thrust out. Jenks had barely time to step to the walk and draw Hoyt behind a near-by mail truck when another man, who in nowise resembled Bergdahl, descended from the coach. Bergdahl had worn a black top coat and soft felt hat; this man wore a large gray overcoat and wide-brimmed black hat, and the lower part of his face was adorned by a bushy black beard. But he carried the telltale suit-case and heavy black bag.

Crouched behind the mail truck, Detective Jenks nearly exploded with a fit of laughter.

"What's the joke?" asked Hoyt.

"Bergdahl," answered Jenks, his red face aflame with merriment at the ridiculous disguise.

"Well, by gum!" exclaimed Hoyt, acquiring some of Jenks's hilarity. With suppressed laughter they followed Bergdahl out of the train sheds to the street. Bergdahl walked rapidly away along a street which abounded with second-rate hotels. Presently he turned into one. Jenks and Hoyt, watching through the window, saw him register and then start upstairs in company with a sleepy bellboy. They then entered the hotel and examined the register.

"John Jones of Farmingdale," they read.

"So Bergdahl is supposed to disappear," exclaimed Hoyt. "Enough. Procure a warrant for his arrest. I'll stay here."

Half an hour later, when Jenks returned armed with the warrant, they summoned a bellboy and were shown to Bergdahl's room. At their rap the door was opened cautiously, and the false whiskers of Bergdahl protruded for a moment. Jenks abruptly pushed the door open and announced himself.

"I have a warrant here for the arrest of one Amos Bergdahl."

"Never heard of him," answered Bergdahl, looking at Jenks stupidly. Then Jenks had the audacity to seize the long whiskers and wrench them from the astonished face of Bergdahl.

The exposed man was furious for a moment.

"On what charge are you taking this high-handed action?" he snapped.

"Your attempt to defraud the United Express Company in a shipment of gold, for one thing," answered Jenks.

A look of relief spread over the face of Bergdahl, but Hoyt, who had stepped quickly into the room, was now staring down into the open black bag which sat on a table. A look of astonishment overspread his face.

"What about this, Bergdahl?" he asked sternly.

The teller's manner lost its bluster instantly.

"That five thousand of the gold shipment was small pickings for him, wasn't it?" hazarded Jenks.

"I should say so," declared Hoyt. "Why, the rascal has all the bank's funds that he could lug away in this bag!"

Bergdahl, seing that the game was up, wilted into a chair; his face relaxed into a silly grin.

"Wasn't satisfied with five thousand, were you, Bergdahl?" asked Jenks. "Whole hog or none? Well. you'll get all that's coming to you."

Guilty, But Not Convicted

By R. C. MORTON

IT is an old saying in the detective service that the man who plans murder is sure to be caught. The records of crime prove the truth of the saying. In almost every instance the murderer who escapes arrest had no thought of murder ten minutes before he committed the crime. He acted on an impulse born of sudden passion, and had only to turn his back on his victim to get safely away. The mysterious murders are often unpremeditated. They are mysterious because there were no witnesses, and because the murderer left nothing behind as evidence. The detectives assigned to one of these mysteries perceives from the start that he must depend almost entirely on luck and accident. The case of the Chicago millionaire, Snell, proves the point. He was murdered offhand in his own house by a burglar, whose operations he had interrupted. The murderer seemed to have departed from earth. Rewards aggregating an enormous sum had been offered, and thousands of officers were on the lookout for months, but the supposed murderer escaped.

The first murder case I ever had, twenty-six years ago, had its parallel last winter. The two cases might be called twins. My case occurred in Rhode Island. The parallel is the Latimer case, at Jackson, Mich. One winter morning I left the Providence train at a village about thirty miles away to look for a man for whom I had a warrant for grand larceny. In walking from the depot to the hotel I came across a group of women at the gate of a fine old mansion which stood back several rods from the street. They were nervous and fearful. The house was the home of a Mrs. Brush and a young man known as her second cousin, she a widow 60 years of age, and he a young man of 22. The hour was 11 o'clock, and they were alarmed because there was no stir about the house. It was known that James had gone to Providence the evening before, but the woman was an early riser, and the house should have been open by 7 o'clock. The milkman had been there, as also the butcher boy and a laborer, but their knocks had been unanswered. The neighbors had at last come to have a dreadful suspicion, and a constable had already been sent for to make an investigation.

It was in my line to be interested and to remain. When the constable came we found that we had met before, and he asked me as a favor to assist him. He was nervous and excited, and we both had the same feeling before the house was entered. I would have bet my life that the old woman was dead, and he was just as sure. We knocked at the kitchen door until any living person would have been aroused, and then we broke it open and entered. Everything in the kitchen was in order, and the same was true of the sitting-room and parlor. The pair occupied rooms upstairs. One of the women piloted us directly to her room. She lay on the floor in her night clothes, stabbed. Murder had been done. The first thing was to send for the coroner, the next to turn everybody out of doors. Before any persons were admitted I took the coroner and constable through the house to look for clues, and here is what I found:

1. The key of the back door was missing. There was a heavy bolt on the inside, but the bolt was not sprung; therefore, some one had passed out by this door and locked it from the outside.

2. There was a stand in the kitchen, and on this stand a pitcher of water and a wash-

bowl, while a roller-towel hung near by. There were damp spots on this towel. The pitcher was on the floor, half its contents gone, while a gill of blood-stained water remained in the bowl. Conclusion: The murderer had washed his hands here.

3. A hall ran through the house upstairs. At the rear end of this hall was a window, and beginning two feet below the sill was the long sloping roof of the kitchen and woodshed. The lower sash was raised. The sash had been fastened with nails. These nails had been pulled out. I found one of them on the floor, close to the baseboard. They could only have been pulled from the inside. The sash bore no marks of violence. There was snow on the roof, and it showed no tracks. Conclusion: the murderer had raised this window as a blind, but had blundered.

4. The bureau in the old lady's room had been overhauled, as if in search of plunder. Here and there an article showed a bloodstain. The articles had been flung out in such a way that even a novice could see the idea was not plunder. A watch, several rings, a dozen gold pieces, and a roll of bank bills were in a heap. A robber would have taken them. Plunder would have been his motive and object. Conclusion: it was another blind.

There were several other things, trifling to an outsider, but having a bearing to me, and as soon as the coroner's jury had been admitted to view the body I began to make inquiries about the cousin, James Bush. He soon appeared to answer for himself, having returned from Providence on the one o'clock train. There wasn't a man, woman or child in the village who had the least suspicion of him. I sat down with him after a while and told him that it would be necessary for him to account for his own time the previous night. He appeared quite willing to do this, and stated as follows:

"I left the house at 8 o'clock last night. Exactly at 9 o'clock I took the train for Providence. I reached there at 10 1-4. I went to the —— Hotel. I was assigned to room 82. After registering I went to 240 Blank street to see a girl named Mattie Davis. She was not at home. I returned to the hotel, played two games of billiards, and went to bed. I went upstairs with John Carew, a Boston drummer. I slept until 9 in the morning. Had breakfast, strolled about, had dinner, and left for home at 1 3-4."

All this seemed straight and reasonable, and I took care to hide my suspicions. I went to Providence and verified his statements up to a certain point. He did call at 240 Bank street and ask to see Mattie Davis, but when told that she was out and would return within ten minutes he would not wait. Why? That was his object in going to Providence, as he admitted, and he had plenty of time. He did go upstairs with John Carew, but ten minutes after entering his room he came out again. A chambermaid saw him. She saw that he wore a different hat, or rather, had exchanged his hat for a cap. When he went downstairs he went out by the ladies' door. In every corridor of every large hotel the help are sentinels. It is a part of their duties to watch the guests. This woman suspected and remembered young Brush. When the night watch came on he was told to look out and see at what hour the young man returned.

A train left Providence at midnight. I hunted up the conductor who had the run that night, and he remembered taking up the ticket of a young man who wore a cap and sat in the smoker. The passenger had his nose in a newspaper, and seemed deeply interested, although the light was very poor and it was a strange hour to be reading the news of the day. He was sure this passenger got off at the town where the murder was committed. A train left here again for Providence at three o'clock in the morning. I found the conductor of that, and he remembered taking a cash fare of a young man wearing a cap who got on at that place; remembered it more distinctly because the young man was curled up in the seat as if asleep, or as if anxious to beat his way. I returned to Providence, and interviewed the night watch at the hotel, and he said the young man assigned to room No. 82 came softly in at about 3:30 and staggered along as if drunk. He figured it out

that the young fellow had come into the city for a lark and had had it.

I must be very sure of my case before moving against young Brush, as I would stand entirely alone. When I had the evidence as above given I began a hunt for the back door key. In a search of half an hour I found it in the garden, where it had been thrown after locking the door. It had fallen in the snow, but the snow had melted. Then I got the chambermaid and night-watchman down for a quiet look at James, and both identified him. As the train from Providence entered the depot it stopped for a moment at a street crossing. This street crossing was a quarter of a mile nearer the Brush house than the depot. I concluded that Brush got on and off here.

The Brush house had been practically shut up since the murder, though James had visited it several times in the company of relatives. I was allowed to go and come at will, and on the next day, after interviewing the watchman at a coalyard nearby, I went to the house about the middle of the forenoon to take a last look before bringing my accusation. While I was inside I heard some one enter. Off the upstairs hall was a closet, into which I stepped and held the door slightly ajar. My idea was that it was young Brush, and that he had come alone for a purpose. He could not have known of my presence, but he came in very quietly, and as he got to the head of the stairs, where I could see him, I saw that he was pale and nervous He acted like one who had dreaded to come, but had still been forced to. I had overhauled the clothing in his room, and had searched high and low in hopes to find the knife with which the stabbing had been done. I was certain that he could not have escaped bloodstains, and that he had changed at least a portion of his clothing after committing the murder. I was there for a last search, and it wasn't five minutes before I had the proofs that I had been blind.

Young Brush dared not enter his victim's room. He started to, but backed out. He walked up and down the hall two or three times, evidently trying to get his courage up, and then entered his own room. I gave him a couple of minutes to work, and then left my place of concealment and tiptoed to his door. A chimney ran up through his room and was fitted for a stove-pipe, but the hole was stopped up by an ordinary tin stopper. He had removed this, and was standing on a chair and had his arm in the hole as I entered the room. For half a minute he looked down into my eyes with a frightened, despairing expression. Then he made a spring for me, and as we both crashed to the floor he grabbed for my throat. He was desperate, and desperation gave him false strength, but, after a struggle of three or four minutes, I had him handcuffed and helpless. Then I investigated the chimney. There was a fireplace downstairs, but it had been stopped up. I opened it and found the entire suit he had on when he committed the murder. Every garment was splashed and spotted with blood. Not only his clothes but the knife was there. It was a farmer's jack-knife, with a blade large enough to prune trees. Not a word was spoken between us until I had all this evidence.

Sitting on a chair in his own room, with the evidence before us, he confessed everything and related all the details. While he expressed no contrition, he said he should plead guilty and humbly accept his fate. An hour later, when I had him in jail, he had decided to fight to the bitter end. He had rich and influential relatives to back him in this decision, and when the case came to trial he was actually acquitted in spite of proofs enough to convict him ten times over. Six months after the verdict young Brush drowned himself in a pond. It was deliberate suicide, and he left a note behind him, reading: "I cannot longer endure this burden. I was cleared by the law, but I was the slayer of my friend to get possession of a large sum of money she had."

The Unexpected Clue

By GILBERT HAMMOND

DETECTIVE BURKE, awaiting the captain's buzzer, sat listlessly in the detective's room at headquarters, scanning a copy of the *Morning Bulletin*. The front page contained an interesting account of the latest robbery by a gang of silk thieves, but Burke did not peruse it. He had acquired a distaste for the subject, and so had most of the police department. The inability of the force to apprehend many of these criminals had been the cause of a biting reprimand from the mayor. There was nothing subtle or original about the methods of the thieves. They looted insufficiently protected warehouses on unfrequented streets in the dead of night, displaying great ingenuity in forcing entrance and paralyzing burglar alarms, but taking the greatest risks nevertheless. They operated evidently by means of an auto truck, which might easily be mistaken for a night-running, inter-city transportation truck belonging to some express company. That the police had allowed these crude robberies to occur as a regular thing at intervals of about a month apart had been a matter of humiliation to every man on the force. Burke was well acquainted with the details of their latest depredation, so he could conscientiously refrain from resuming the topic. He turned the pages over till he came to the classified ads. Automatically he sought for the personals.

The family of Burke had become scattered since the detective's boyhood, and communication among its members had become very occasional, owing to a congenital desire in the family blood to keep moving. Once in a while temporary connections had been made by means of a personal in the newspapers, and years ago Joseph Burke had become fixed in the habit of mechanically scanning that brief column largely devoted to assuring unknown individuals that everything was forgiven.

"Say, Tim," he queried, after absorbing the brief text of one particularly incomprehensible "personal," "do you ever take a slant at these?" He showed the operative the column. "I don't see how anybody could make anything out of some of these jumbles. Take this one, for instace:

"'YATES — Atswell's monopoly unrecorded. 4. Reginald.'

"Why that's downright incoherent."

"Maybe it is for you, but the guy it's intended for knows what it means," observed Tim profoundly. "Besides, it's not so hard to dope out. Couple of private investigators maybe looking up somebody's standing. Maybe they have to do some pretty tall traveling and have no certain way of reaching each other except through the papers. And maybe they don't want to say things any plainer."

"Y-e-e-s. That might be so," conceded Burke, "but on the other hand——"

He trailed off and resumed his examination of the personal. His conscious mind did not conceive it to be a code message, but subconsciously the idea was present for no particular reason. Suddenly a curious fact concerning the personal struck him.

"Here's a peculiar thing," he observed to Tim. The second letter of each of those words taken together spell 'atone.' You can't tell. This might be a code meaning crooked work somewhere."

"Yeah," returned the other detective, laughing sarcastically. "Run right in and

show it to the captain. He'll be glad to listen to you after the bawling-out the department just got from the mayor."

"All right. Go ahead and laugh yourself into lockjaw. I'm going to cut it out and look it over when I get time." Taking his knife from his pocket, he cut out the insertion and put it in his vest pocket.

All day long, during his more or less routine duties, his mind persistently attempted to analyze the personal. Could it be a threat? Was somebody admonished to atone under pain of some vengeance? Perhaps a message of profound significance was contained in those five innocent words. Then again the probabilities were that the combination of the letters was only a coincidence, and not a very unusual one at that.

Perhaps there was only one reason why Burke held so tenaciously to his half-formed code theory. It was a wistful, almost tragic desire to perform one brilliant exploit with which to distinguish the career he had followed the better part of his life. Burke was an old-timer on the force now, dependable and incorruptible, but his deductive processes had never been of the facile type, so younger men forged ahead of him. He was a solid, esteemed "guardian of the law, but no one suspected the desire, sometimes slumbering, but burning intensely within him at other times, to be more than this. In fact, none of his comrades realized his aspiration to leave behind the record of one shining achievement.

Burke went off duty at five o'clock. His conscientious mind continued to wrestle with the decoding of the newspaper personal. He had almost decided several times to go to the newspaper office and obtain the name and address of the party who had inserted it, but each time a sense of the palpable wildness of his suspicions restrained him. No. This was no matter to thrash out alone.

Arriving at home, he ate his supper in glum silence, much to the surprise and anxiety of his wife, who was accustomed to a flow of instructive observations on current topics.

"What's the matter?" she asked solicitously. "Are you sick?"

"Yes, I'm sick!" Burke retorted fiercely. "I'm sick of being a second-rater; I'm sick of seeing young men sail in circles about me and shoot off, kicking dust in my face. I'm sick of being solid, and substantial, and reliable, and all the rest of that bunk; I'm sick of seeing all the cases where a little skull work is necessary go to somebody else, while I keep on doing this routine stuff—always taking orders and never giving any. I'm sick. Oh, the devil, I'm sick of living! Where's to-night's paper?"

His wife was very much astonished at this unprovoked outburst, but she perceived that all he required was a little time in which to cool off, so she maintained a sympathetic silence. But Burke did not attain his customary loquaciousness that evening. The newspaper went flat. There was an editorial commendation of the police department, but that organization was not popular with him at the present moment, and he threw the sheet on the floor, muttering "Rot!"

Back to his thoughts came the innocent personal, and again he futilely attempted to discover some definite significance in its phrasing or lettering. Why his mind continued to dwell so obstinately and unreasonably on the subject he could explain by no other hypothesis than that he was in the throes of a "hunch." The mental disturbance presently became unendurable, and with the air of one who has decided to take some final determined action to terminate an unsettled state of mind, he seized a pencil and paper and proceeded to the deciphering in deadly earnest. When his wife retired at ten o'clock he was still at it.

"YATES — Atswell's monopoly unrecorded. 4. Reginald."

Out of this he had gotten one word—"atone." The numeral was puzzling. He did not know whether to regard it as an integral part of the code or to consider it something with a separate significance. He found that combining the first letters of the word produced "yamur," and other combinations produced weird series of consonants past all pronunciation. By half-past eleven

he had filled the page with arrangements and rearrangements of words and letters. He took another page and led off with a repetition of the word "atone." Then it occurred to him that the letters most likely to have any meaning would be the ones directly following those which spelled "atone" —the third letter in every word. But in reexamining his other sheet he found that the possibility had already been considered and rejected. The letters spelled "tsnrg."

"What a tonsil sprainer that is!" he remarked after one attempt at pronunciation. "I'll see what it looks like backwards."

Thus transcribed the letters spelled "grnst," which was not an encouraging improvement on "tsnrg."

By half-past twelve he was thoroughly fagged and dropping off to sleep at the table. He came to with a jerk, and drowsily fixed his eye on his one dubious achievement—"atone." Then suddenly a shaft of light dispelled the obtuse darkness of his mind.

"I've got it! I've got it!" he exclaimed excitedly, rubbing his eyes violently and picking up his pencil with a shaking hand. "Now what's next?"

He spent the next ten minutes analyzing the list of words he had transcribed. He was convinced somehow that the solution was to be found in the combination producing "grnst." For a while he forgot all other combinations and concentrated on this one. And a feeling of elation that had started faintly now swelled into a crescendo that culminated in an enthusiastic "Yowie!"

He sprang up from the chair and looked excitedly at the clock. It was a quarter to one. Seizing the telephone, he rang up headquarters and bawled something into the receiver that caused the man at the other end to abruptly order out a squad for immediate action.

Burke had no sooner hung up than he was in his coat and hat and out on the street looking for a taxi. A few minutes later he was rushing downtown along Seventh avenue. Turning at Greenwich avenue, the cab made for Washington Square, East. Burke instructed the chauffeur to halt and to do so easily without any unnecessary creaking of brakes. The men from headquarters had not yet arrived. With a gun in his hand Burke had advanced softly but swiftly some distance up Fourth street, when he was startled by a doleful howl in the direction of the park.

"Help! Help!" somebody shouted. "They're killing me! Help! Help!"

Burke heard the staccato raps of a nightstick on the pavement and the slapping sound of footsteps reverberated through the silent streets. Wheeling himself about, he also rushed in the direction of the cry.

"There they go!" a staggering individual cried. "Under the lights on the other side of the park! They hit me on the head!"

The policeman started to dash across the square. Burke was about to follow him when he was stopped by a sudden realization. The automobile from headquarters had just arrived and its driver, hearing the commotion, had driven into the square from West Broadway. Several of the men leaped out and had commenced to follow the policeman, whom they could see rushing down one of the asphalt paths.

"Come back!" Burke yelled. "This is only a cheap hold-up. Something worse than that is coming off around this neighborhood."

The men piled back into the car again. Acting on Burke's instructions, the driver sped out of the square and into one of the silent, deserted streets, parallel to Broadway, lined with buildings of the most obsolete type, and now converted into wholesale establishments of diverse kinds. As they turned into Greene street they noticed a large auto truck ahead of them rumbling around the corner toward Broadway.

"Chase that truck!" shouted Burke. "They've broken into some place around here. No—wait a minute. Slow down a little and let a couple of men slide off and look around for it."

This was done, and the car, after swinging north on Broadway, quickly picked up speed in pursuit of the flying truck.

"That's the gang of silk thieves, sure as the devil!" said Burke. "That hold-up was a stall to get the cops out of the way."

In spite of its size the heavy truck thun-

dered along Broadway with amazing speed. At Twelfth street it took the corner on two wheels and made for Seventh avenue.

"All right. Let her out!" ordered Burke. "We've got lots of room in which to catch them now."

The neighborhood roared with the noise of the thundering truck, and the side streets rushed past them with a speed beyond computation. The wind was blowing into their faces lustily. Steadily the police auto advanced until it was within a few yards of the truck.

"We'll have them before they reach the theatrical district!" shouted the driver to Burke. "Here's where I slide around them."

As he stepped on the accelerator a hand with an automatic emerged from a small opening in the rear of the truck, and with a series of staccato explosions the gun belched forth several bullets at the pursuing auto. Because of the uneven jolting of the truck, which destroyed the assailant's aim, some of the bullets went off to one side, and some penetrated the hood without any apparent harm to the engine. Disconcerted by this fusillade, the driver had slowed up and valuable distance was lost.

The truck turned into a side street, dodging all impeding vehicles with amazing agility. Then it resumed its northward flight along Twelfth avenue. They were near the water front now, and occasionally patches of the Hudson were visible through gaps in the long lines of dock buildings. The pavement was cobblestone and the riding agony. But the police car jolted along, gaining every second. With increasing speed they pulled up alongside the truck. There were no more shots for some reason. For a space the car and the truck plunged on side by side, and during that interval Burke managed to cross to the truck, gripping the side of the seat with one hand and an automatic with the other.

"Put on the brakes! We've got you!" commanded Burke, pointing the gun at the driver's head. But the threat was not effective. The truck had managed to slide away from the police car, and there was now a good distance between Burke and his comrades. Swaying dangerously from side to side, holding himself to the truck by only one precarious grip, it was impossible to devote his attention to much more than maintaining his risky grasp on the machine.

With a snake-like blow the driver slapped the automatic from his hand, and Burke heard it clatter to the cobbles as the truck rushed on. Then, guiding the truck with one hand, the driver drove his elbow with hasty and vicious insistence against Burke's clinging fingers. He did this three separate times after short intervals of grasping the wheel with both hands; the third time the detective's grip began to give way.

The men in the police car did not dare to fire for fear of injuring Burke. They saw him sway backward as his clutch on the seat gradually weakened; they saw him give a last desperate lurch to retain his hold on the flying vehicle. As one hand slipped from the seat the other managed to connect with the steering wheel. His feet slipped from the running board, and with one hand desperately clutching the steering wheel his body dragged by the side of the truck. The car lurched to the side of the roadway, bounced up onto the sidewalk, and with an impact against the curb that dislodged Burke, threw him back upon the cobblestones. For a moment it had seemed as though the truck would careen and overturn, but it stopped just short of the dead line and fell back into balance. The headquarters men had the truck surrounded and covered a moment later. Burke had been thrown only a short distance, and except for a few painful bruises was uninjured.

There was a brief commotion within the silk-laden truck caused by the resistance of a pair of obdurate captives. The two men who had been seated on the outside submitted quietly enough. Three of the four robbers were readily recognized as old offenders; the fourth and the leader was a mystery to all but Burke.

"Bernie Landermann!" he exclaimed after having peered intently into the man's face for several moments. "Well, this is a surprise. The department hasn't seen you in years. I thought maybe that little stretch you once did scared you into going straight.

So you're still at it. Here—see if these fit you."

He snapped a pair of handcuffs on Landermann's wrists.

"So the bulls finally got wise," gritted Landermann in a grim, contemptuous voice. "D'ya mind telling me what guy it was squealed?"

"Squealed? Did you insert that 'personal' in the *Morning Bulletin?*"

"Huh? What per—— Say! How did you find it out?"

"Never mind how. You squealed on yourself."

"That's a damned peculiar organization of crooks," Burke explained to the captain an hour later. "Not one of them knew the name or address of Bernie Landermann, their chief. Two of them never saw him except at the scene of the robberies. Only one ever had any direct connection with him, and that was the man who knew the code and made such arrangements as getting the truck and scraping the gang together when a job was to be pulled off."

"What was the idea of all these precautions?"

"Well, as I figure it out, it was this way: A long time ago Landermann, if you remember, was sent up the river by a stool-pigeon. I imagine the fear of somebody's squealing became pretty much of an obsession after that, though he was willing to take almost any other sort of a risk. The next time he decided to keep as aloof from the gang as possible, so that none of them could tell anything about him if they were caught. He had no meeting-place and wrote no letters. It seems that Landermann's jobs weren't so slipshod and accidental as they appeared. He would study a place, sometimes working in it for weeks, and when he thought the time was ripe for the job he put that code personal in the paper, telling where the gang and the truck were to meet him and the time."

"And how about the code? How did you unravel that?"

Burke drew out the personal, and with a pencil and pad proceeded to demonstrate the deductive processes that led up to his selection of "atone" and "grnst" as the letter arrangements containing the message.

"It was while staring half asleep at the word 'atone' that it suddenly occurred to me that it wasn't 'atone' at all, but 'at one,' referring to the time. Obviously the next thing to look for was the place, and in a few minutes I'd figured out that the last two letters of 'grnst' were the abbreviation for 'street.' That made it 'grn st,' which instantly suggested 'Greene st.' As this street is in the wholesale district, it occurred to me like a flash that a robbery was going to be staged and that, of course, suggested the silk robberies. The number 4 suggested Fourth street. Thus the message ran: 'At one. Greene st. and Fourth.' We got there a little late, but we balked the robbery."

"Clever work!" commended the captain warmly. "Very clever work. We'll see that you get a promotion for that, Burke."

OUST TWO SING SING PRISONERS FOR SMOKING

MAURETS DELLAS and Telegrin Morano, two prisoners, were given thirty days each in Sing Sing's court the other day, and were ousted from the prison and taken to Clinton Prison at Dannemora for violating a new hard and fast rule that any prisoner caught smoking in the workshops will be put out of Sing Sing.

Warden Lewis E. Lawes announced that, to safeguard inmates working in the factories and to protect the property against fire, drastic penalties must be enforced against smoking there. So from now on any prisoner found smoking in the shops, where much inflammable material is kept, will not only have thirty days added to his minimum term, but will be sent to Clinton Prison.

Inmates dread being sent up-State because they have few visitors there.

Methods of Detectives

A SHORT, thickset man was leaning against a heap of boxes, crates and trunks littering the platform of a railroad depot. There was nothing about him to attract unusual attention. On the contrary at first glance he seemed to be a sleepy old fellow who took nothing more than a casual interest in all that was transpiring around him.

Yet that individual was the sharpest detective in the whole State of Massachusetts.

As I recognized the crook catcher I strolled over to him, nodded and said:

"Hello, McGuire! What are you doing here? Without stirring and without even glancing at me, he suddenly muttered in low tones:

"Beat it!"

"But, McGuire——"

"Get away from here. I'm watching a crook."

Realizing why he wished to avoid recognition, I mumbled an apology and hastily moved away to a spot where I could watch the detective without attracting any attention.

The crowd waiting on the platform grew thicker, and I could see the man McGuire was shadowing. He was a tall, well-dressed fellow of about thirty with a red face and a nervous manner.

When I recalled picture No. 325461 in the Rogues' Gallery I knew I was looking at Red Kelly, one of the most notorious crooks in the world.

When the train thundered in and the waiting crowd surged forward to board it, I saw Kelly in the jam trying to get on the train. Close behind him Detective McGuire and a man looking like a laborer were elbowing their way forward.

The arrest was accomplished thus: As the rough-looking man with a tin pail in his hand walked quickly from the depot to the train the detective followed him closely. Just as he was about to put his foot on the step he tripped and fell to the platform. In an instant the detective fell on top of him.

The two men were assisted into the car, and then the detective apologized for having fallen on the laborer. They sat down together in the smoking car, the old-fashioned detective took out of his pockets a lot of cakes and apples, and they began to eat and talk about the news.

"That was a bad bit of work those fellows did in Boston. Did you see the evening papers?"

"What do you mean?" said the laborer.

"Why, that safe burglary last night."

"Was there a burglary?"

"Yes; didn't you hear of it? Why, they stole over $100,000 worth of cash securities and bonds from the —— Bank."

"Indeed! Any arrests?"

"Not yet, but the officers are close on the track of the leader of the gang."

"Are they? Do they think they have the right man?"

"Yes; they are watching a man in East Boston by the name of Red Kelly, a noted burglar."

Just at this moment a man arose from the seat behind and walked out of the car. He passed on into the next car. It was the crook McGuire was after.

"That's our man," whispered the detective to his apparently injured companion. The two men arose and passed into the next car after the burglar.

They caught up to the man as he was going out of the next car. The train was stopping at a way station. The man got off. He was arrested.

"How did you know that was Kelly?" I afterward asked of the detective.

"Because when I mentioned his name he started up and left the car. There is some-

thing about a criminal that 'gives him away' to a practiced eye. I saw that man on the platform—he was walking up and down. He did not walk more than eight feet before he would turn and walk back again. At this I became aroused and watched him closer.

"It was when I tripped up my friend that I wanted to avoid suspicion; the burglar was behind us; the man who fell first is one of the best detectives in Boston. He was dressed like a workingman and carried a pail. When we fell the crook whom we were following did not notice us, but hurried into the other cars; all the other people stopped and looked on.

"The man went directly to the smoker, and lit a cigar nervously. He drew his hat over his eyes, and nestled down in his seat, apparently engrossed in his newspaper. The man read the paper for a long time. He did not seem to be interested in it at all, although his eyes were intently upon it. They were only on one spot. We sat down in front of him, and began to eat apples and talk. When I mentioned the name of Red Kelly, he started from his reverie. I looked him square in the eye. He got up and left the car. He was our man.

"Oh, about the eight-foot walk? Well, you see, an old criminal who has done time will never get out of the habit of walking up and down as he has done in his cell. He will only go about eight feet; that is the regulation length of cells. He does this unconsciously, and even though he may guard himself against it, before he knows it he will begin to walk up and down.

"Of course," said the detective, "no man gives himself up to justice—no criminal tells the detective that he is the one that is wanted. We are compelled to judge from our experience. A criminal has a certain look, a peculiar way of moving secretly, even in public places—in hotels, at theatres, all over.

No one but a skilled man in criminal work can tell the difference, but their actions are readily apparent—they become a larger part of the criminal's nature; he cannot cast off these habits.

"Then there are other things; certain well-known criminals have," he added, "a distinct style of work. The crime is always carefully investigated, and the detectives learn the methods of the different men. It is a school. I cannot explain it to you unless you are a close observer of human nature.

"A criminal, in walking along the street, will unconsciously turn his head and give a quick glance backward, almost every so often, generally within every one hundred steps. I can tell a crook instantly when I enter a crowd. That's why these fellows hide away; they know that if they appear in public that they will be recognized by their habits if not by their faces.

WIFE ARRESTS TWO

WHILE Daniel Ury, 35 years old, a shoe dealer, fights for his life in Lebanon Hospital, his wife will appear in court to press a complaint of felonious assault against two persons who are alleged to have sold wood alcohol to her husband.

Mrs. Ury went to the cafe of Mary Sommer, at 447 East Seventy-eighth street, New York, the other night, following the removal of her husband to the hospital. She bought some whisky there, it is alleged, and then the Sommer woman was arrested, together with Frank Datay, said to be a bartender in her employ.

Ury told his wife he had been drinking at the cafe all day, and when she consulted the police they suggested that she do a bit of sleuthing. The two arrests followed and both were locked up in the East Seventy-eighth street station. Ury is critically ill and if he recovers will be stone blind.

Empire State Guardians

By H. MILLS

THE Department of State Police, created in 1917, has been in existence six years. The force was organized and at work within three months. The idea of the organization is to give the maximum of protection with the minimum of interference with the lawful rights of a citizen, the co-operation with the local authorities, rather than usurpation of their functions, and has aided in making the force a real power for law and order within the Empire State.

It is the duty of the state constabulary to prevent and detect crime and apprehend criminals. Members of the constabulary are subject to the call of the governor, and are empowered to co-operate with any other state department or with local authorities. Troopers have the power to arrest without a warrant any person committing or attempting to commit crime within their view; a breach of the peace or any other violation of the law; to serve and execute warrants of arrest or search, issued by proper authority and troopers exercise the powers of peace officers of the state.

The scope of their activities and exercise of power is limited when the boundaries of the cities are reached, as the state police cannot exercise their authority within the limits of any city. The suppression of rioting or disorder also cannot be performed by the constabulary members, except by order of the state executive or upon request of the mayor of the city, with the approval of the former.

The work of the state police is to handle the big problems which arise in the rural districts, but the minor infractions of the law are left to the local authorities to take care of. Always, however, they must respond to a call for aid, no matter how trivial the matter or case may be. In this way the rural districts of the state do not have to depend wholly on local constables and other county police officers, but the country resident and farmer has at his call a uniformed police mobile body, in fact a military organization, to look after his welfare and protection.

The horse is an essential unit in the work of the state police, particularly for patroling in the isolated portions of the farming districts. Mounted troopers are also a powerful effective force when participating in riots or handling large crowds of people. The mounts used by the constabulary are specially trained and raised by the organization itself, and a trooper and his horse soon become warm friends, each having the good of the service at heart, and are schooled the proper way to uphold its standards.

Vast areas having to be covered by the state police makes the utilization of motive power necessary, so that automobiles and motorcycles are also included in the equipment. In an emergency quick transportation must be had, and the Ford auto can bring a squad of men to the scene of a crime much quicker than a squad of men galloping on horseback.

To be a trooper a man must be able to swim, dive, ride a horse, drive motor vehicles, memorize the penal code and must know how to present evidence and be a good witness. He must be physically perfect and fairly well educated, so that he can be able to make out a good report. Moreover, he must possess the courage to go anywhere to get the man he is after, even though the criminal is armed and of the worst type, or an insane man with a gun. Next these

troopers must be absolutely honest, of good morals, soldiers and gentlemen. When one happens across a member of the constabulary force of either New York, Pennsylvania or New Jersey, or in fact any other state's police body, they can hold the man in uniform in high esteem, as the requirements of the service bring out the best material a man has in him.

Patrols are always made in pairs, based on the Italian system, thus presenting a double barrier to any person trying to escape and affording a force of two men to be at hand to take a situation in charge whenever occasion requires. Regular routes are laid out for them, but sometimes it is not possible to follow the schedule. The men on patrol are constantly in touch with the troop barracks by telephone and ring it up regularly, similar to the system which the city police have.

This enables the barracks to notify troopers in a certain locality of a complaint or other trouble and greatly expedites the work of clearing up a robbery or other crime. Patrols average from twenty to twenty-five miles a day unless the troopers are detained by some criminal occurrence or have to attend court. The number of miles covered is also sometimes contingent upon suitable accommodations. Many farmers provide shelter for the men and horses, as it is not always possible to get quarters at the rural hotels for the troopers and their mounts.

In addition to road patrols numerous sub-stations are established in charge of a non-commissioned officer and one or two men. Through these stations headquarters can locate their men, and in this way many hurry calls are taken care of. These posts are not permanent, and troopers stationed at them are frequently changed, as it has been found that a man will do better work where he is not known too well.

Each trooper is equipped with a Colt 45 calibre revolver and a Winchester carbine rifle. Those on patrol in the regular country districts very seldom carry rifles, as a revolver has been found to be the best all-around weapon for police work. The rifle is carried mostly in special cases, usually in the mountainous districts.

The barracks of a troop of state constabulary is conducted on military lines. About one-quarter of the barrack garrison is always on reserve, while the rest are on patrol. This is arranged by roster, so that all serve equal periods of time on the road or on barrack duty. Drills are held daily, and instruction in general police work is carried on.

The almost universal use of the automobile now has created additional work to be performed by the troopers. Traffic regulations are necessary at county fairs and agricultural gatherings. Also the enforcement of the motor vehicle laws in the rural districts is left practically in their hands. In outlying districts the troopers also are on guard against "speeders" who, having reached a rural stretch, think they are out of reach of the law, only to find shortly that they are being pursued by a uniformed policeman.

A great service rendered to the commonwealth by the constabulary is the regular inspection by the winter patrols of summer residences and cottages, to prevent the looting of these places. Robberies which would be undiscovered for months can be found out in time to bring about the arrest of the perpetrators. Taken in all, the men who wear the uniform of the state police really perform a duty and service to the citizens of a state that earn for them the respect and good will of everybody.

In order to show you how the Empire State guardians work we have appended the following case as an example. The scene opens in a small upstate town.

"Hello! Is this the state police station at Bordenville?"

"Yes."

"Well, this is the druggist at Dadeville. A band of bandits is looting the bank here. The constable and the bank employees are fighting them, and one of their gang is trapped in the cashier's cage. For God's sake, send help quick, and they can be caught!"

The New York State constabulary sergeant banged the receiver down on the table. It was the first bit of exciting news he had heard in about a month. A plug came out

of the switchboard, and he shouted in the mouthpiece of the phone before him.

"Is this you, Donnelly, at Sarvis?"

"Yes."

"Got a hot wire from Dadeville. The bank is being looted. Rush there as fast as you can. I'll send six men in a fast machine and post the boys at Xexia, Logan, Darvie and Spopey. We'll have them coming and going. Get busy!"

Corporal Donnelly of the Sarvis sub-station dashed out of his office, grabbed his rifle, and shouted to Trooper Sacks, who was outside the building talking to a farmer. Sacks was informed of the facts in a minute's time, and the village street was soon cleared of wandering villagers as a motor-cycle with a side car sped down the road leading to Dadeville.

"Hello! Headquarters?" came over the sergeant's phone again.

"Yes."

"Troopers Mooney and Zackery now at Connor's Mill reporting."

"Who is this talking—Mooney?"

"Yes."

"Dash to Dadeville. Lucky you reported at this time. Bank being robbed. Hurry there; you are only a half-mile away."

Dadeville was enjoying the usual routine of a late autumn afternoon, and the cashier of the local bank was just closing the doors for the day, when an automobile stopped before the door. Four men had jumped out and dashed up the stairs leading to the bank. The cashier was somewhat surprised as he observed their sudden arrival. His thoughts were quickly turned to horror as he saw revolvers in the hands of the men. He ran from the door to his cage to secure his own revolver, shouting to two other employees to take to cover.

The cashier reached his cage and got his revolver from the drawer. The bank door was now opened, and the leading bandit with an automatic shouted:

"Hands up!"

The cashier fired two shots at him and dove beneath the partition. The bandit ran to the telephone booth near the bank entrance for protection, and the remainder of his group backed down the stairs to the street.

The crook in back of the telephone booth shouted to his cohorts to get in by the rear, and they broke into pairs carrying out his orders. One of the employees of the bank ran from his hiding-place and lifted the receiver from the phone on the president's desk, when a shot from the entrance struck him in the shoulder, and he staggered and fell.

By this time the main street was aroused, and storekeepers and townspeople ran into the street. The local constable arrived and approached the bank entrance, drawing his pistol as he neared it. Then he made for the man who was sitting at the wheel of the auto, but before he could arrive within talking distance two shots rang out, and the officer fell to the street. One of the bandits ran out from the side of the bank building, mounted the running board of the auto, and stood guard with a revolver in each hand to fight off any other attempt to interfere with the robbery of the bank.

A moment later three of the bandits entered the building by a rear door and slowly made their way to the cashier's cage. On the way they came to an employee of the institution who was huddled against a wall.

"Here! You raise those hands and step out!" he roared.

The frightened clerk did as he was ordered, and with two guns poking at his ribs he was marched to the cashier's cage.

"Hey, there, you, come up from behind that partition. Don't shoot, for if you do you'll kill one of your own men!" yelled the leader.

At this the bandit who fled behind the phone booth to escape the cashier's bullets emerged and joined his pals, all in single file behind the bank employee who stood with upraised hands.

"We will give you two minutes to come up," continued the leader. "If you don't we'll plug this fellow here and rush you. When you do, bring your hands up first, or you'll receive a lead bath."

The cashier, thinking further resistance useless, lifted his hands above his head and raised himself from below the cage frame-

work. Two of the bandits ran into the cage, and the cashier was walked to the side of his helper. A rope from one of the bandits' pockets was utilized, and the two men were bound hand and foot and pushed into an open vault in the rear of the cashier's office. The bandits now were making short work of their undertaking by filling up bags with loose money and whatever else that looked like bonds or negotiable certificates. The work was nearly finished when a shout from the street was heard. The bandit on guard outside yelled again and the men stopped and looked out. The automobile was moving, and a rush was made for the door.

Down the street a motor-cycle with a side car was coming with two uniformed men. One of the troopers already had his revolver out, and as the band filed down the bank stairs three shots went forth from the troopers' guns. One of the band staggered and fell headlong. The automobile was moving quickly now. One crook, slow in making secure his hold on the machine as he put one foot on the running board, slipped. He was up in an instant, but a shot struck him and he fell.

Another motor-cycle hove into sight down the road and was coming full speed. The automobile was now tearing down the road at a fast pace, and the two troopers shouted to the new arrival to pursue the disappearing car while they took care of the situation before them.

Five minutes elapsed when a high-powered Packard came speeding down the town's main street. It slowed up near the crowd, and three of the troopers made preparations to alight.

"Keep after them!" yelled Donnelly. "They are following the Derrytown turnpike, and they've got about a nine-minute headway. Take the short-cut and you can head them off at Gordon's Crossing."

The trooper chauffeur blew his siren, threw on power, and the car went down the road with increasing speed, following the motor-cycle and the bank-robbers' car. A road that joined the turnpike was reached, and the car took the turn with hardly a noticeable reduction in speed, and the three troopers in the rear were piled one on another. The shot-cut was reached. Only with record-breaking speed run could Gordon's Crossing be reached in time to head off the fugitive car.

The bandits' automobile settled down to a fast, steady pace, with the pursuing motor-cycle and its side-car trooper occupant fast gaining on it. The bandits started firing, which was returned by the pursuing officers who, after every mile passed, were getting closer and closer to the crooks. The chase continued. One of the bandits leaned far over the back of the car and fired two shots, endeavoring to strike the driver of the troopers' cycle. The trooper seated in the side car returned the fire, and the bandit fell backwards, struck in the shoulder.

Gordon's Crossing now hoved into sight, and the robbers' car was approaching it at a fast clip, when another machine shot out from the crossroads. A smash-up was unavoidable. The new arrival blocked the roadway, and the bandit driving the fugitives slowed down. The other auto reversed, and the pursued car plunged ahead. At the crossroads the police car dashed out again, turned and was practically parallel with the other. Three troopers covered the occupants with revolvers, and after a twenty-yard dash farther the bandits' car was forced to the side of the road and stopped.

The driver and the other survivor of the robbery surrendered without further resistance. The wounded bandit was moaning in pain, and the party left the scene with all possible haste, bound for the station at Bordenville.

The sergeant smiled to himself that night as he was sitting at his desk, and from the cell tier could be heard the voices of the captives.

"Gee, there was a time when you could pull off a job in the country, and if a hick sheriff interfered you could biff him. Damn it! We made a rotten job of it! Dave, Joe and Larry plugged, and me and you liable to go to the chair."

"Yes, a guy don't mind fighting a hick cop, but when you try and battle with an army of soldiers ya haven't got a chance," growled the other.

Tricks of Assayers

"PARDON me, sir, we allow no one in that room but the assayers."

I looked at the speaker with an expression of injured innocence.

"Sorry to offend you, sir," he continued, "but we assume that every man who comes here is not to be trusted.

This aroused my curiosity, and I improved the first opportunity to ask an expert assayer to explain these misanthropic sentiments. Doctor Ledoux, a famous chemist, satisfied me that they were well-founded.

"We can hardly trust our own senses," he said. "I have known a sample of ore to yield a heavy percentage of gold when its owner was present at the test, and none at all when he was absent. How can that be? Well, in this instance I saw nothing wrong, but recently I was conducting an assay in the presence of the owner of the sample, and noticed that he was chewing tobacco very vigorously, and also going to the assay furnace from time to time to expectorate into the fire.

"Watching him narrowly, I saw him spit into the crucible, and, seizing him by the throat, I forced out of his mouth the tobacco and along with it a quantity of gold dust, which he was attempting to get into the crucible—this was to make his assay run high. It would require very little gold thus added to an ounce of ore to make a difference of many hundreds of dollars per ton in the result.

"The most singular attempt at swindle which we have ever come across was in connection with 'Gabriel's Sword.' You may remember that in the month of May, some years ago, the papers in Ulster and Sullivan Counties and the New York daily papers were wildly excited over a most remarkable discovery back of Kingston, N. Y. A strange sword had fallen from the skies and had been discovered in the town of Rochester, Ulster County.

"Some time in July following a long-haired individual came into our office staggering under the weight of a box seven feet long, with a crosspiece near one end about two feet in length. He asked if we would assay anything, and on being assured that we would, pulled out a screw-driver and carefully unscrewed his box, out of which he took a sword. It was a curious weapon nearly seven feet long and so heavy that I could scarcely lift the point from the ground with one hand by taking hold of the handle. It was covered with Phoenician characters apparently, and covered with rude figures of men and animals. This marking was only apparent where the rust with which most of the weapon was heavily corroded had been rubbed off.

"The man said that he was the discoverer of this strange sword, and was exhibiting it about the country; that some unbelievers had scoffed at his statements that it came from a spiritual world, and that he desired us to make an assay of it to prove that it was genuine. He stated further that on its appearance and ring when it was struck one would naturally take it to be steel, but that he had been a blacksmith, and was familiar with metals, and that it was his opinion that it was a compound of silver and iron, and asked me whether such an alloy was not uncommon.

"I told him yes, of course, when he triumphantly added, 'Now, I want you to assay this sword and give me a certificate that it is neither iron nor steel, but an alloy containing silver; and I want you to say in your certificate that such an alloy is not used in this world for such purposes and would not have the hardness, flexibility and other characteristics which this sword possesses."

"I was interested and amused, and agreed to make the test. The old man seemed anxious not to mutilate the weapon, and it was agreed that we should file off a portion from a place where it was particularly rusted, and assay the filing. I was convinced that it was nothing but steel, and was most intensely surprised when our assayer brought up a large silver button which he had obtained from the filings. The old man was triumphant, but I was at once on my guard, as I scented a swindle. It was, of course, possible to coat the surface with a silver solution which would dry on and produce the result which we found, and I refused to give him a certificate without a further test. He readily acquiesced in this, and said that he had rather anticipated such a request, and proposed that he should file the end of the cross-bar, calling my attention to the fact that one end was about half an inch longer than the other, and that the cross-bar and sword were undoubtedly forged out of the same piece of metal, so that what was true of the composition of the bar, was true of the sword. This I agreed to, and the end was filed off. It appeared to be simply a cube of soft iron or steel, heavily rusted, and bright and homogenerous where cut by the file. 'Now,' said my client, 'you tell your man to put this in the crucible, and I will abide by the result.'

"In spite of the appearance of the piece of metal our assayer was instructed to take a cold-chisel and cut it in two and assay the two halves separately. To our intense astonishment he brought the two portions upstairs, showing us, concealed in the middle, a plug of silver surrounded on all sides by the steel or iron. The whole thing was at once plain. The old man, or some one, in manufacturing the sword had bored a hole through one end of the cross-bar and plugged it up with silver, so that it did not show. He had probably invented the meteoric story. We, of course, declined to give him a certificate of the supernatural origin of the weapon, which he had undoubtedly made himself, and he departed.

"The men we most fear are the 'new process' characters who profess to be able to find gold or tin or other metal in the most unlikely rocks by secret means of their own. They come to us for certificates, and always insist on being present when their process is tried. Sometimes they will 'salt' the sample or put gold into the crucible in spite of the greatest watchfulness."

FINGERPRINTS IDENTIFY PICTURES

FINGERPRINTS have come to play an important part in modern police courts and records, for it is a well-known fact that no two individuals have exactly the same markings upon their finger and thumb tips. The system of taking the finger and thumb prints of criminals has been in use by the police departments of cities all over the world. During the war prints were made of all men who entered the service. This was for purposes of identification should the bodies of the men become mutilated beyong recognition or in case other means of identification were lost.

One of the most recent uses to which the system has been put is in the identification of paintings of old masters. Many artists make use of their finger and thumb tips in distributing paint upon the canvass in order to gain a soft blending of colors. It is believed that mere working of paints with brushes produces a harsh distinction in colors that is not pleasing to the eye. Although a paint is applied first with a brush, the artist oftentimes uses his finger and thumb tips to add the finishing touches. A careful study of the works of old masters has shown fingerprints on the canvas even though it may have been painted hundreds of years ago. A study of the works of any one artist has shown the same prints containing the same marks of identification on the other canvases. This has led in some cases to positive identification of what have been hitherto unknown canvases—unknown in that the painter was unknown.

The Limit

By ALBERT CHENICEK

"AND you'd let Drover get away with that?"

The girl laughed. It was a bitter laugh and hard. It made the youth seated on the other side of the table think of steel and stone and—darkness.

For an instant a worried wrinkle lined his forehead.

"You're excited, Fanny," he said. "You've been thinking about Hop-along Dan's death too much. It's getting the best of you. Try to forget."

She leaned forward, her eyes bright, her face dull red with anger.

"You mean, Sid Parker," she retorted, her voice level and low, "that you're going to let Drover get by with it? You mean you aren't going to make him pay—and pay the limit—for what he did to my foster-father? Do you?"

He flinched under the flash of her eyes.

"What is there to do? We can't do anything; besides, he's too strong——"

The girl interrupted.

"That's enough. I just wanted to know." She spoke calmly, yet her voice carried the biting edge of scorn. "I think I understand. You're afraid. Well, I'll see it through myself, or find some one who isn't afraid."

Something tinkled on the table. Parker looked down, swept up the engagement ring, and turned to the girl again. But she was no longer seated; already she was starting to move toward the door. He jumped to his feet.

"Wait!" he pleaded. "I didn't mean——"

She cut him short.

"People are watching us," she snapped. "Please sit down. Good-by!"

The tightly held ring numbing his hand, he watched her pass through the door to the street. After all, he was right. But she didn't believe him. He slumped limply into his chair.

"Damn it!" he muttered. "Damn everything!"

For some minutes he sat, staring with unseen eyes at the band of gold in his hand. Blurred pictures flashed through his mind—kaleidoscopic flashes of past events which had led up to the present situation—his arrival in the city two months before, the dance-hall where he had met Fanny Crinkler, his consequent trouble with Pete Drover, gangster, gunman, swaggering bully, who in no gentle language had told him to keep away from the girl; the friendship that had ripened into love despite the threatening Drover; the engagement, two weeks before; the gunman's threat that he'd get even with him and the girl; the foul murder of old Hop-along Dan.

That was the real cause of Parker's trouble—the murder of old Hop-along Dan. Hop-along, aged, crippled, raised in the dirt, filth and crime of the neighborhood where Fanny had been born, had guided the girl, counseled her in his crude way, taught her to stand straight and clean and fearless above the squalor of her surroundings. Old Hop-along had loved Fanny, and she had loved him; had loved him with all the love she would have bestowed upon her parents had they been alive after the sixth year of her life. Drover, rumor said, had killed Hop-along because the latter favored Parker's suit for the hand of Fanny. The police, too, suspected Drover of the crime, but all they had was suspicion.

"Make him pay the limit!" Fanny's words worked their way into Parker's brain. She had said that, and the limit was —murder. Murder! She wanted him to

kill Drover to avenge the death of the man she had loved as a father. Careful as Hopalong had been in his rearing, yet the rigid code of her neighbors had found lodgment in her heart. A life for a life.

She had called Parker a coward because he hesitated to kill in order to hold her love. His failure to comply with her wish stamped him in her eyes as unworthy of her love.

Parker was pale now. One word whirled, twisted, capered in his brain—murder! It didn't sound so bad if one repeated it often.

Fanny had said she would find some one who wasn't afraid. That probably meant "Bull" Slannon. If she promised to marry him Bull would do anything she asked him to. Besides, Bull had a grudge against Drover.

Making his decision suddenly, Parker went to the telephone booth in the rear of the garishly decorated restaurant and called up the rooming-house where Fanny lived. After a long wait some one told him she wasn't in.

He left the restaurant. On the street, the darkness of a starless night surrounding him, he prepared to complete his task.

First he went to his room, and there got a revolver—a new, shiny thirty-eight, which he had purchased some time before to protect himself from hold-up men and burglars. Slipping it into his hip pocket, he once more returned to the dark street.

He knew where to find Drover. The gangster had his hangout in a gambling-room back of a cigar store not many blocks away. As he strode through the darkness Parker mentally passed on the final details of his plan.

Fortune favored him. A block from the cigar store he met a thin, pale-faced youth whom he knew to be an eager and devoted follower of Drover—and not too intelligent.

"Want to do Pete a favor, Slim?" he whispered to the pale one after drawing him into a doorway. "I got some good dope fer him. Tell him to go back of the Kanton Garage, where Red Donnegan is waitin' fer him. Got that straight? Drover's over in the cigar store; you know where. He won't forget you for this. Hustle!"

Parker smiled grimly as the youth nodded wisely and hurried off.

"Drover will come hopping," he muttered. "He and Red have pulled a lot of tricks together in the past, unless I miss my guess. But he'll have a surprise waiting for him!"

Three minutes later Parker was back of the garage, hidden deep in the shadows. There he waited. Would Drover come? Suppose, after all, he wasn't in the room back of the cigar store?

Minutes passed.

The gun in his hand, Parker strained his ears to catch the slightest sound of approaching footsteps. Several automobiles passed, their headlights causing weird shadows and blotches of blackness to play about him.

Then all at once he heard a faint whistle. At the sound he held his breath; cold waves passed up and down his spine. Was it Drover?

The whistle came again. Some one was near him.

"Red!"

The name came in a hoarse whisper. Parker puckered his hot, dry lips and whistled.

"Here, Pete!" he called. He did not recognize his own voice.

A vague form appeared before his staring eyes.

"Where the devil are you, Red?" He recognized Drover's voice. "Oh, here you——"

Parker closed his eyes and pressed the trigger.

A tumultuous crash—a cry!

Then silence.

Flinging the weapon away from him, Parker dashed from the alley and sped down the street. At the corner he slowed down somewhat, then, that danger spot passed, ran again. Somehow he reached his room.

Feverishly he began packing a few clothes. He would go to Fanny, tell her what he had done, then together they would leave the city.

He was about to leave the room, bag in hand, when he saw a white envelope on the floor near the door. He stooped to pick it up.

At that instant he heard the doorbell ring downstairs; heard authoritative voices; heard a woman scream faintly.

"The police!" he gasped. "They saw me running!"

He was trapped. There was but one way to get to the street, and the police had that blocked.

Then his eyes fell upon the envelope in his hand. Startled, he saw that his name and address were written upon it—in Fanny's handwriting. He tore the flap open and extracted a single sheet of scented notepaper.

Cold pains stabbing his heart, he read what was written:

"DEAR SID: Congratulate me! Bull Slannon and I are leaving the city to get married. The cops have it in for Bull, so we've got to leave. He's been wanting me to marry him for ever so long, but I wasn't sure what I wanted to do until I tried you out this evening and found you was a coward. I think we're going to be very happy. You're a good kid, in your way, so I had to say good-by to you.

FANNY.

"P. S. Oh, yes. Bull told me that poor Hop-along Dan committed suicide and that Drover didn't touch him. Dear old Dan! I might have known no one would ever hurt him. By-by. F."

A twisted smile on his face, Parker sat on the edge of the bed and waited for the coming of the police.

LICENSED BANK VAULT WRECKING

IT is not often that a bank vault is entered except by the door, especially when the president is looking on, but this happened in Paterson, N. J., when a bank clerk was locked into the vault by an accident. The huge door moved noiselessly on its hinges, there was an ominous click as the time clocks snapped their tiny bolts and everything was safe for the morrow except the young clerk was caught. The agonized friend who had inadvertently allowed the door to close, called the officers of the institution who began frantically telephoning to various contractors who had electric drills and burning torches and skilled mechanics.

A force of forty men was soon assembled, and realizing the impossibility of attempting to wreck the door, attacked the vault from the top, and in relays, cut through the concrete until the steel plates were reached. Electric drills were put into action and through the first holes oxygen was forced, as the vault was not a very large one and the air must have soon become vitiated. The torches were then applied and after four hours' work a surgeon and the president descended through the jagged hole and the door was released from the dominion of the clocks. The limp form with the face of agony was borne to the ambulance whose engine had been throbbing for hours.

The victim had a very narrow escape. He was unconscious, deaf and terribly bruised on the knuckles from fruitless attempts to escape. Hearing finally returned and it is believed that recovery will be permanent. This dramatic incident gives much food for reflection. Every bank vault should be inspected carefully by a high official, not a clerk, before locking and there should be an oxygen tank provided in the vault and every clerk should be instrucsted in its use. Whether the time locks should be arranged so that they can be operated from the inside without keys is a technical question involving vault security. The event shows that it takes four hours with forty men working in relays with all the electric equipment, oxygen, burning apparatus, etc., at their command to make an entry. The bank vault is still several jumps ahead of the burglar.

Pretended Deaths

A STRANGE industry has sprung up among a certain class of people, that of beating life insurance companies. It is comparatively easy to beat a fire insurance company, although they are becoming sharper every year; but to get ahead of a life insurance company there must be a corpse as proof positive that a death has occurred. Only the keenest rascals or honest men driven to desperation for the want of money attempt this swindle, and it is rare that a company has been beaten. I worked on two notable cases as a detective, and am certain that the details will interest the general reader.

About fifteen years ago a merchant in an Ohio town, who was supposed to be a solid business man, took out a policy of $30,000 in a well-known Eastern life insurance company. He was in the best of health and was readily passed by the examiner. Eighty days later he was dead. The local agent called as a matter of form, the doctor in attendance certified to the death, and hosts of people attended the funeral. The remains were viewed by at least five hundred people who had known Mr. Harris, as we will call him, in his lifetime, and the coffin was deposited on a slab in a vault for a week previous to burial. There could not have been the slightest cause for suspicion, and it was not until several weeks after the money had been paid that anything came to the surface. I was sent down to investigate, and the pointer I got was this: A servant girl in the doctor's family—the doctor who had attended Mr. Harris—had seen the doctor have lots of money, and the family were making extravagant purchases. They frequently quarreled, and during one of these quarrels the wife said:

"You dare not refuse the money! Don't I know how you got it? Wouldn't you be sent to prison if it came out?"

I got an interview with the girl, and she repeated all that and more. The doctor was poor before Mr. Harris's death. After that he suddenly had plenty of money and was very extravagant. She did not connect the money with the insurance, but had got it into her head that the doctor had killed and robbed some one. About this time it was found that Mr. Harris was head over heels in debt, and that his wife repudiated every obligation. I believed from the first that I had a case, but I had to go slow. One hasty move would set an alarm bell to ringing. I shadowed the doctor until I found that he was flush. He was also addicted to drink, and after a little maneuvering I got him to the point of boasting of his cash. He claimed that he had about $5,000 in ready money. His practice scarcely brought him a living, and I felt sure that his money had come from the life insurance.

I called, as a real estate speculator, to offer the widow an investment. I found her to be very reserved and uncommunicative. She was very nervous and ill at ease, and I judged she had a fear of me. She did not want any investments, saying that she was thinking of going to a town in Indiana where she had relatives. The doctor had certified that Mr. Harris died of rheumatism of the heart. When I began to question the wife about symptoms she was much confused, and made a poor show of answering my questions. When I left the house I knew that she was a party to the conspiracy. She had been told what to say and what to avoid saying, but the burden was proving very troublesome. My next move was to hunt out and interview people who had attended the funeral. I did not let my object be known, but reached my point in a roundabout way. I soon ascertained that a number of those who attended the funeral had been surprised at the change in

the facial expression of the deceased. His whiskers had been trimmed to a different shape, had more gray in them, and his face seemed fuller and broader. They would not have recognized him at first sight, but it was Mr. Harris, of course; who else could it be?

I spent a full month in making cautious inquiries, and I was then perfectly satisfied that Mr. Harris was alive and in hiding somewhere. It was not to be expected that he would write directly to his wife, but I was satisfied that some agency had been appointed before his death, and that she was informed as to his movements. I could have had the body taken up, but how was I to prove that it was the body of some one else? To unravel the case I must first find who the dead man was when he was alive. A body had been substituted. Where had it come from? Mr. Harris had been sick only two days. He had died at 1 o'clock at night. On the opposite side of the alley from his barn was another house in which the coachman slept. I went there to ask his opinion about horses and during my visit the death of Mr. Harris was brought up.

"That was a queer night," he said in reply. "About 10 o'clock at night some one drove up to his barn with a horse and wagon and opened the side door. I heard them fussing around and got up, but when I got out they were driving down the alley. My wife says it was Death come to bring a coffin for the dying man, and I sometimes wonder if I didn't dream it all."

I was now satisfied that a body was brought there by vehicle. If so, it must have come only a short distance. I got a team and drove out to the county house, and from the moment I set eyes on the superintendent I knew he had something concealed. I therefore went right to the point by asking:

"What was the name of the subject you furnished to Doctor Lawton on August 14?"

He turned pale and began to tremble.

"You know that you can be sent to State prison?"

"All—all county houses do it," he protested. "If I hadn't sold him, the doctors would have dug him up."

"What did you get?"

"Ten dollars."

"Do you mean to tell me that you only got $10 out of the $30,000?"

"What $30,000?"

"The Harris insurance money."

"I did not even know that Harris was insured. Doctor Lawton wanted the body for a skeleton, and I sold it to him. He sent and got it in the evening."

"What was the man's name?"

"Joseph Shearer. He had been here a year, and had no friends."

"When did he die?"

"At 5 p. m., and they took him about 9."

"Would you know the body?"

"From a thousand. The left arm had been broken. There were many scars. The great toe on the right foot had been amputated."

He did not know that the body had been passed off for that of Harris, and when I told him he was very indignant and offered to help me in my hunt. He admitted that there was a great resemblance between the two men, but that Shearer was the older by several years. I was full on the trail now, but if I sprung the trap too soon Harris would escape. I moved quietly for a week more, and then the doctor's servant girl brought me a bit of news. She had overheard the doctor reading a letter to his wife, and she believed the letter was from Harris. It asked if everything was all right, gave some directions about a business matter, and gave a town in Kansas as his address. The girl could not remember the town or the name Harris had assumed, and so it seemed like looking for a needle in a haystack as I started out. I argued that he would go to some small town, and that he would change his appearance as much as possible.

I was in the State six weeks before I found him. He was in a village fifteen miles from a railroad, and was a journeyman in a shoeshop. I dropped in to get the lost heel of my boot replaced, and had sat there a quarter of an hour before I identified him. We got $22,000 of the

money back, sent Harris and the doctor to State prison for long terms, and Mrs. Harris got a divorce and married a better man.

In the other case the plotter was wonderfully assisted by circumstances. He was a young man of 24, living in a town in Illinois. He took out premiums amounting to $15,000, and thirty days subsequently went in bathing in a river and was drowned. There were ten witnesses to the fact that he was seen to sink, having apparently been taken with a cramp, and, although strict search had been made, the body had not been found. Pending the payment of the policy the company sent me out to look over the ground. I found, first, that the young man was alone in the world, and that his character stood well. Secondly, the testimony of the ten witnesses could not be put aside. It seemed as plain a case as one could ask for, and there was only one queer circumstance about it. He had made a will a few days previous to his death in favor of another young man about his own age. The two were roommates, but I could not find that Wakeful, the policy holder, was under any great obligations to Scotten, who had been made his heir. They simply passed for chums. Scotten's explanations were very smoky, and after my talk with him I was quite satisfied that there was a plan on foot to beat the company.

The spot selected by the bathers was a portion of a deep mill pond near where water was taken into a flume to run a grist mill. This mill was owned by Scotten's father, but managed by hired help. I had several of the boys go down with me and locate the spot where Wakeful went down. It was forty feet above the gates to the flume. The body had been dragged for in vain, and the idea was that the current had carried it over the dam and down to the lake. I found upon quiet inquiry that Wakeful was considered the best swimmer and diver in the neighborhood. I experimented a little myself, and although only a fair swimmer, I found that by diving at the spot where the young man went down I could remain under water almost to the gates.

I was perfectly satisfied now that I had the plan. Wakeful had reached and passed under the gates, gone down in the flume, and then climbed out by the beams of the mill. He had skipped out, to wait for the money to be paid to Scotten, and then both were to go off together. I had this theory all down fine, when a body was found ten miles down the river and identified as that of Wakeful. It was badly decomposed, but a dozen people swore that it was Wakeful.

I was willing to surrender, and I went about feeling that I deserved to be kicked. A strange feeling drew me to the mill, however. If Wakeful had not worked the game he could have done it, and I somehow wanted to see the route he would take.

I swam down the flume, dodged to the left of the water-wheel and caught a brace. Pulling myself up on the timbers, I walked along until I found a pair of stairs and an opening leading to the first story of the mill. It was after hours and the mill was closed. I had been standing quietly for a few minutes, when a side door which I had not noticed opened and young Scotten appeared. He did not look about him at all, but started upstairs, and I saw that he had a parcel under his arm. I followed him to the garret of the mill, and there sat Wakeful as big as life. The plan was just what I had surmised, although all but the two conspirators were honest in their declarations. Wakeful was to remain until the money was paid and then the pair were going to Europe. Instead of going there they went to prison for five years apiece.

A Clever Game

By DONALD GEORGE McDONALD

PART ONE

"I WOULD like to see the manager." The speaker, a short, stout individual with ruddy complexion, drew a silk handkerchief from his coat pocket and wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

"Name, please?" asked the girl behind the switchboard in the jeweler's place of business.

The man drew a card case from his pocket.

"Mr. Richard Knight Drebber," he said with a quiet dignity that seemed to be not altogether lost on the girl. She took the card and entered one of the private offices at the rear of the establishment. In a moment she had returned.

"This way, please." She motioned towards the office she had just left.

Drebber entered the office and carefully closed the door behind him. He was a man of assurance and a large amount of personal magnetism. Mr. Cameron, the manager, hastened to draw up a comfortable arm-chair for his visitor.

"I asked to see you, rather than one of your clerks, for reasons which you will soon understand," said Drebber. He quietly unbuttoned his coat, then his vest, and from an inside pocket of the latter garment he withdrew a blue envelope, which he handed to the manager. "You will please open it," he said quietly.

The individual addressed needed no second invitation. His slender fingers carefully broke the seal and withdrew an inner packet of tissue-paper. This he carefully unfolded. A smothered exclamation of wonder escaped his lips as he raised from the desk the coils of a magnificent necklace. For fully two minutes he studied it in silence, then he replaced it on the tissue and regarded his visitor with amazement and even something of suspicion playing over the features of his face.

"Wonderful," said Mr. Cameron. "I have been in the jewelry business for twenty-seven years, but I confess I have never seen the equal of this ornament."

"I do not doubt that in the least," murmured Drebber quietly. "It represents a large share of my savings for the past ten years. I did not buy it complete in the form you see it there. I added stone by stone as my bank account would permit. I have always regarded rubies and diamonds as first-class investments, and I need not tell you, sir, that I could, if I desired, dispose of that necklace at a very good profit."

Cameron sat silent. He was entirely overawed by the sight of such exquisite gems. When at last he did speak his voice was noticeably lower.

"What can our firm do for you, sir?"

Drebber leaned forward and picked up the ornament.

"You will see," he said, "if you look closely, that the platinum mounts of three of the diamonds and two of the rubies have been bent and in two instances broken. You will also see that the clasp has been broken off. This damage was caused last year in England at a ball given by Lord Manning. My wife was wearing the necklace at the time, and a fellow, one of the guests, made a most clumsy attempt to steal it. In the very act of slipping it from her neck he was discovered, and in the struggle which followed the injury occurred. Now," continued Drebber, "I want the necklace repaired. In the first place, I have come to you because of your good reputation."

Mr. Cameron bowed.

"And now," continued Mr. Drebber, leaning back comfortably in the chair and withdrawing a cigarette case from his pocket, "you will readily understand that before I leave it here I must have ample protection. In other words, Mr. Cameron, I must have it insured while in your hands for its full value, two hundred thousand dollars. Naturally I do not assume for a moment that your firm would be responsible for loss or theft under ordinary conditions. I am prepared to pay you whatever premium is necessary. Your company may hold itself responsible if it desires, or it may put it in the hands of a regular insurance company, as my present policy does not cover this when it is out of my possession. As I am rather busy this morning, I would like you to find out immediately how this matter is to be handled."

"Very well. Excuse me for a moment."

The other man left his desk and hastened out of the office.

It was fully five minutes before he returned in company with a white-haired gentleman.

"Mr. Drebber," said Cameron, "this is Mr. Lowe, the president of our company. I have laid the matter before him."

"Mr. Drebber," said the president as the two shook hands, "I feel it an honor that you have come to us for this service, but for a simple repair job, regardless of the value of the necklace, we could scarcely afford to go to the trouble necessary to insure it. I presume you realized that the cost of the repair work itself would be scarcely over sixty or seventy dollars."

"I am perfectly aware of that," Drebber replied. "As I have told Mr. Cameron, I am prepared to pay any premium you or an insurance company may deem proper."

"But," interrupted Mr. Lowe, "we——"

"Pardon me," said Drebber somewhat impatiently, "I will not only pay the necessary premium, but I will also be glad to pay your firm a trifle more for the repair work."

"Then," said Mr. Lowe, "we will be pleased to handle the matter for you. If you will keep the necklace and return here in an hour, we will have the necessary receipt ready. We will then assume responsibility for the safety of the necklace."

"Thanks. I must have some assurance that these valuable gems will be safe."

The men bowed. Mr. Drebber paused to light a cigarette. He looked at his watch.

"I will return then at half-past eleven."

Exactly at the time specified Mr. Drebber presented himself and received the signed receipt.

"Please notify me when the job is completed," said Drebber. "I don't imagine it will take very long to make the repair?"

"It should be complete by to-morrow afternoon," said Cameron. "I am in charge of the repair department and will turn the job over to one of our most dependable men —a man who is thoroughly reliable and who has been with our firm for twelve years."

"Very good," said Drebber, "and now I must bid you gentlemen good-afternoon."

"Cameron," said Lowe after their customer had left, "I take it that you intend putting Al Peters on this job. No doubt he is the logical man to handle it, but I'm wondering, unjustly perhaps, whether it is wise of us to turn it over to him."

"Al Peters," said Cameron quickly, "is a man to be trusted. If he had wanted to, there have been at least a thousand times since he has been with us that he could have stolen property left in his hands to repair."

"True, true," said Lowe, "I am doing the man an injury by even suspecting him in the slightest. He is the most skilled repair man we have, is he not?"

"By all odds," replied Cameron.

"Then let him handle it," continued the other. "I should like, however," he added after a moment, "to have him down here for a minute and impress him with the importance of this job. I know you would do the same, Cameron," said Lowe kindly, "but he is more likely to pay closer attention if the chief goes out of his way to speak to him."

"Certainly." Cameron picked up the house telephone receiver and spoke a few words to the operator. Two minutes later the door slowly opened and a kindly faced, gray-haired old man stepped into the office. He stood for a moment, slightly stooped,

looking from one to the other of the two men.

Mr. Lowe stepped forward.

"Sit down, Peters," he said, not unkindly. The old man took the chair indicated. An expression of concern was plainly stamped on his features. Perhaps it was the fear that his time of useful service was finished and that these gentlemen, in all kindliness, had called him in to deal the blow as lightly as possible. His wrinkled hands clasped and unclasped nervously and his blue eyes were pathetic in their appeal.

Lowe put his hand on the man's shoulder.

"Peters," said he, "you are the most valued man we have in the repair department. You have proven yourself skilled, honest and reliable."

An expression akin to delight passed over the man's face.

"Thank you, sir," he murmured.

"And by the way, Peters, what is your salary at the present time? I had some idea of increasing it."

"Thirty-five dollars a week," he replied.

Mr. Lowe turned to Cameron. "Do you consider that proper recompense for a man of Peters's ability?"

"That is the standard wage, sir," replied Cameron somewhat stiffly. "Personally, sir, I think Peters is worth more, but the amount just stated is the usual thing."

"Well," said Lowe thoughtfully, "suppose we do the unusual and raise Mr. Peters's salary to forty-five dollars a week. Please take care of that, Cameron."

Peters started to utter his thanks, when Lowe interrupted.

"Really, Peters, we didn't call you down here solely to raise your salary. Since the matter came up, however, we are only too glad to do it. We called you in to tell you that our firm has undertaken to repair the most valuable necklace that has ever come into our hands. In the event of its loss we would be held responsible by the owner and forced to pay him the sum of two hundred thousand dollars. That," continued Mr. Lowe, with just the suggestion of a smile, "would be a pretty serious embarrassment. You are the logical man to handle the job, and while the repair is not a difficult one, I called you in at this time to warn you to watch that necklace every second of the time it is in your hands. You understand?"

Peters nodded slowly.

"I am not afraid of the responsibility," he murmured. "Of course I would watch it, sir."

"I don't think there's any danger, Peters," said the president quietly. "I have asked Miss Gordon, the stenographer, to call for a private detective to guard our place for a few days, as we have an unusually large stock of valuable repairs on hand. I have instructed her to see that they send a man over at one o'clock. What time do you go to lunch, Peters?"

"Twelve to one, sir."

"Very good. I will send for you as soon as the detective arrives, and he can be instructed to pay special attention to this valuable necklace. That is all, Peters."

The old man hesitated a moment, then turned and shuffled out of the room.

Promptly at one o'clock the detective presented a card to the switchboard operator.

"I want to see Mr. Lowe; he is expecting me."

The girl phoned inside, then said:

"Mr. Lowe will see you."

The man slipped a peppermint lozenge into his mouth and hastened into the private office.

"Be seated, Mr. Caper," said the president. "I shall call another party into the room and then explain matters to you."

In a few moments Peters entered, and Lowe said to the detective:

"I will try to explain just as briefly as possible what I want you to do, Mr. Caper. First, I want you to meet Mr. Peters, whom you are to guard for the next day or so."

The two men shook hands, then the president continued:

"Mr. Peters is just about to start on the repair of an extremely valuable necklace which has been insured by us to its owner for the sum of two hundred thousand dollars. If it is lost or stolen we will have to reimburse the owner. Your job will be to watch that necklace every second of the time it is in the repair department. You will be introduced to the other repair men

as a new man whom we are trying out, and you will have to sit at the bench on the left of Peters. I hope, Mr. Caper, that I have made myself sufficiently clear and that you understand your duty"

The detective nodded and said: "I have just one question to ask you, Mr. Lowe."

"What is that?"

"What time does the repair department close?"

"Five o'clock." Lowe turned to the old man, who stood meekly in one corner of the office.

"Yes, sir," said Peters. "That's right."

"Well," continued the detective, "I'm one of them fellows that believes an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, if you get my meaning. In other words, I want to make sure that there are no leaks in the repair department. If the place closes at five I would like to stay a bit overtime after the men have gone and carefully inspect the room."

"That will be perfectly all right," said the president somewhat curtly. "Now, let us go upstairs. I believe Cameron is up there waiting for us."

Seated in a large, comfortable rocker before the open window of his luxurious apartment, Richard Knight Drebber skimmed over the pages of a fascinating novel. He was clad in a bathrobe and was smoking a cigarette through an absurdly long holder. Presently he let the book fall to his lap, leaned back in his chair and smiled. This was immediately followed by a deep sigh.

"Murdock," he called to his valet.

"Yes, sir," came the almost immediate response.

"What time is it?"

"Four o'clock, sir."

"Please call Lowe & Company on the telephone and ask if they have completed that little job I left with them yesterday. If it is not finished ask them just what time I can get it, as I will be called out of town to-night, and must have it to-day without fail."

"Yes, sir," replied Murdock, hastening to the telephone.

Mr. Drebber resumed his reading until interrupted by the servant.

"Please, sir," faltered the man in alarmed tones, "I think you had best speak with them. Mr. Lowe seemed very much upset over something and asked to speak with you if he might, sir."

An expression akin to consternation passed across the older man's features as he hurried to take the receiver.

"What's the trouble?" he inquired, speaking slowly and distinctly, as if with an effort. "Is this Mr. Lowe?"

"It is," replied an extremely weary voice at the other end of the wire. "Mr. Drebber, I think you had better drop in here at once if you can spare the time. I cannot give details over the phone, but the jewel your man was just inquiring about has disappeared."

"Disappeared!" almost shouted Mr. Drebber.

"Yes, sir." The words were low and sounded thick, as if an immense amount of emotion were behind them. "Please come; I cannot say any more now."

Drebber dropped the receiver back on the hook with a bang. Five minutes later he left his apartment, jumped in his car and sped away.

Within fifteen minutes he burst unceremoniously into Mr. Lowe's private office, where he found himself in the presence of three men, who stirred uneasily in their chairs and seemed disinclined to look him in the face.

"What does this mean?" thundered Drebber, addressing himself to Mr. Lowe. "Am I to understand that your firm has lost or allowed that priceless necklace to be stolen?"

"I regret to say that it seems to be just that." The words came hollowly from the lips of the president.

"What explanation have you to give me?" demanded Drebber, bringing his fist down on the flat-top desk with a resounding thump.

"None whatever at the present time."

"Indeed—and at what time do you think you'll be able to give an explanation?" came sarcastically from the man's lips.

"As soon as Mr. Caper here has had time to make a thorough examination and gather what clues there may be."

Mr. Drebber looked scornfully at the detective.

"Who is he?"

"Mr. Caper," said the president, "is a detective from an agency whom I hired to guard the necklace while it was in the hands of the repair department."

"Which he seems to have done most satisfactorily," witheringly from Drebber. "And will you please tell me," he continued, "why Mr. Caper isn't doing something about it at the present time? I suppose he dropped in to have a cup of tea and swap a few stories to pass the time while the thief makes a get-away."

The detective rose from his chair, an angry light flashing in his eye. He raised his hand warningly.

"Just a minute there," he exclaimed; "not so fast, my friend. The thief has made no get-away. The thief, whoever he may be, is locked up in the repair department. Not a man has been allowed to leave. The loss occurred just half an hour before you called. I was in the room at the time it happened, and immediately locked the door and pocketed the key while I made a search. Mr. Lowe did not call you at once, for we supposed of course we would find the gems."

"Suppose one of the men threw it out of one of the windows," suggested Drebber, somewhat subdued by the detective's bullying manner. "In that case the thief could have picked it up outside and got away."

"Impossible," said the detective curtly, "for every window—there are three in the room—was closed and locked, and any noise of opening one of them would have been heard by me. Furthermore a man wouldn't have had time to rise from his seat and open one unless I saw him."

"How so?" inquired Drebber.

"I think," interrupted Cameron, the third man in the room, "that Mr. Caper had better tell briefly just how it happened. I have not heard all the details myself."

The detective looked at Mr. Lowe. That individual nodded.

"Make it brief, Caper, as I am anxious to end the examination of our men."

"Very well," said the detective, ignoring Drebber and addressing himself in general to Lowe and Cameron, "in the first place, nothing unusual occurred yesterday afternoon. I took my place at the bench beside that old fellow, Peters, and tinkered around with little, simple jobs which he turned over to me, never for a moment taking my eyes off the necklace until it was locked in the safe for the night. Last night I stayed overtime, made an examination of the room, and put a special fastener on each of the three windows"—here the detective glanced sidewise at Drebber—"just to make sure they couldn't be opened on a crack and the jewels dumped out. The rest of the room was as tight as a drum: solid walls and ceiling and the door fitting so tight, top, bottom and sides, that you couldn't slip a hatpin through."

"How about the men in the room?" interrupted Drebber. "Did they act suspiciously—any of them?"

"I was just coming to that," continued Caper; "not a man acted in the least suspicious except one—Peters."

"How so?" inquired Mr. Lowe quickly, a new anxiety growing in his face.

"Well, it's hard to say in so many words, but you know, all of you, how a man acts when he's got a heap of something on his mind—kind of skittish and fidgety. Well, that was the way old Peters acted. I thought at first he was just plain worried about the responsibility of handling such a costly trinket, and then by and by I began to suspect that maybe it was because he was worried what to do with the jewels if he should decide to make off with them in some way.

"As I said before, it was just about half an hour ago that the thing happened. I had been dying for a drink of water ever since lunch, for it's a beastly warm day and that repair room was like an oven with all the windows closed and six men working in it. The water cooler was at the far end of the room from Peters's place at the bench, but I was that careful of my job that I hesitated to turn my back for even a couple of sec-

onds. Finally, however, when the necklace was right in plain view on the bench, about three inches from Peter's left hand, I went to get the drink. When I turned around I was darned near struck dumb, for Peters was still sitting there quietly, and the necklace was not in front of him or anywhere in sight. I slipped quietly over to one side of him and looked at his right hand, but it wasn't there, either. Then I leaned over and whispered in his ear: 'Peters, where's the necklace?" He jumped as though I had stuck a pin into him and started looking around frantically. Quick as a wink I stepped to the one door leading out of the room, locked it, and put the key in my pocket. Then I went back to the bench and started in to search. That's all I have to tell."

There were some moments of perfect silence, and the detective himself was the first to break it.

"Mr. Cameron," said he, "will you come up with me now and help me search the men? And, believe me," he added grimly, "we'll search 'em—every one of 'em—right down to the skin."

"Certainly," said Cameron; then he turned to Mr. Lowe. "You, sir, had best remain here with Mr. Drebber. We will come directly here as soon as we have finished."

The president nodded.

"Please do all you can to find it," said Drebber. "I am forced to remind you that under the agreement made with me when I left the necklace, the article, if lost or stolen, will have to be paid for unless it is recovered within five days from the time of its disappearance."

"You need have no fear of our not exerting ourselves," growled the detective as he and Cameron passed out the door of the office.

While the detective and Cameron were upstairs searching Mr. Lowe paced the office. It was evident that he was greatly worried. He held his hands clasped behind his back and his long, thin, white fingers twisted and clenched nervously, while his small brown eyes now and then darted a look at Drebber, who sat back in his chair chewing the end of an unlighted cigar. In a few minutes Drebber arose and walked to the window.

"Mr. Lowe," he said, suddenly wheeling about, "I wonder if you quite appreciate my feelings about this affair? Of course if my property is lost I am protected, nevertheless the money will never take the place of those exquisite jewels. You might say that each diamond, each ruby represented a milestone along my path of life. Each one of them was bought with earnings carefully saved."

"Oh, you can buy another one just as handsome," said the president somewhat coldly. "Perhaps it has occurred to you that this loss is a very, very serious matter to myself and the other members of the firm. You may rest assured that everything possible will be done to recover the article, and I personally will prosecute to the full extent of the law the guilty party, whoever he is."

"What do you know about this man Peters, whom the detective seems to suspect?"

The president visibly started and his face grew stern. "I have always regarded him as a strictly trustworthy employee. As a workman, he is the best in the shop. I most certainly consider it unlikely that he is the culprit."

"Some of the cleverest rogues look like the most straightforward and honest of men," commented Drebber.

The president did not reply, but threw himself into his swivel chair, drew a few papers from his pocket, and tried to busy himself with some work.

Half an hour later Cameron and the detective returned. Failure was written on their faces. Cameron drew up a chair and seated himself beside the president, and the detective withdrew to a corner of the room, took a cigarette from his case, lit it and looked meditatively out of the window.

"Mr. Lowe," began Cameron, "I regret to say that our search has been fruitless. There is positively no trace of the necklace either in the repair room or on the men. We searched each and every one of those fellows right to the skin."

The president turned towards the speaker, and his tone was a bit sarcastic.

"It is very strange, indeed," he said quietly, "but here we have an article of some size disappear within three seconds time; the door is immediately locked, the men are searched and found to have nothing; the room is searched, and no trace is found there, either. It is very strange," he repeated in a voice that was low and strained.

The detective stepped up to the desk.

"It does sound fishy; I grant you that," said the man, "but I'm not the guy to give up hope."

"I am at least glad of your self-confidence," murmured Mr. Lowe. "Did you find no clue—nothing to give you any suspicion?"

Caper scowled.

"I have plenty of suspicions as to who the crook might be, but proof is another matter, and that's what's needed."

"Do you still suspect Peters?" asked the president bluntly.

Caper nodded.

"He's the guy!" he retorted grimly.

That night old Peters walked to the street car on legs which seemed too weak to support him. His head was bent. He took no heed of those who jostled him in the crowds of home-goers. Mechanically, just as he had done it night after night for twelve years, he waited and boarded a crowded car. When he reached home his daughter was waiting for him just as she had always done.

"How's daddy to-night?" were her familiar words.

"Pretty good, pretty good, daughter," he replied, "but I could be a lot better."

"Something not quite right at the office?" she ventured.

"No, not quite."

"Well, never mind, daddy dear," she said, throwing her arms around him. "You hurry off now and wash up. I've got a splendid supper prepared."

After the meal Peters took a charred corn-cob pipe from his pocket, filled it with fingers that were none too steady, lit it and relaxed in his chair. His lips quivered now and then, and his voice was charged with an emotion that his daughter had heard but once before when the mother died as the old man told of the loss of the necklace. At the end of the story he leaned forward and took his girl's hand. "Daughter," he said, "do you know who it is they suspect?"

She looked at him a moment and then shook her head.

"Me," said the man in a hoarse whisper.

The young woman rose slowly and came to the side of her father. She put her hand on his shoulder and, bending over him, kissed a lock of the gray hair. She was silent a moment, then suddenly she stood fiercely erect. "Who suspects you?" The words burst from her lips.

"The men in the repair room, Mr. Cameron and the detective."

"And Mr. Lowe," asked the girl, "how about him? Does he, too?"

"No," said Peters, "I don't think he does. He still looks me in the eye. He still speaks kindly. He took me aside and told me that he believed in me and always would and he asked after you."

The girl's face softened slightly.

"I like him," she said simply; "the others I hate for treating you badly."

"No, no," he said, "do not hate the others, my girl. No one can blame them. They know my poverty and my longing to give you a nice home. It is only natural that they should think as they do."

"Father," she said, "no one can look into your dear face and call you a criminal or even think that you are."

The fourth evening after the disappearance Peters, on his way home, stopped at a public telephone booth and called a number.

"Is this Mr. Smead?" he inquired of the one who had answered.

"No," was the reply, "but we expect him any minute. Will you call again?"

"I think I will call in person—this evening, if it will be convenient."

"I believe it will," replied the voice, "provided that you come early—say about seven-fifteen. Mr. Smead will be through supper then and will have time to see you for a few minutes."

"Thank you!" Peters hung up the receiver and his hand trembled.

After he had drunk his coffee at supper that night he bent his gaze upon the girl seated across the table.

"Daughter," said he, "as a last resort I am going to-night to see a man who may be able to help me. He proved himself a great friend one time in the past." He arose with some certainty from his chair. "I must go now—girl." He stepped slowly to her side and kissed her tenderly on the cheek.

When he was on the street outside the house he turned back and waved to the watching figure in the window; then he thrust his hands into his coat pockets and trudged on. His step was more firm now. His legs did not seem quite so weak. Peters was nursing a hope within his breast, and that hope invigorated and strengthened more than the excellent meal he had just eaten.

(*To be continued in next week's issue*)

KIDNAPPERS SEIZE GIRLS IN STREET

TWO men seized two girls at 8 o'clock the other morning who were on their way to work in a factory near Union avenue and Frost street, Brooklyn, then turned revolvers on groups of men and women who sought to aid the victims, who were dragged across the sidewalk to the curb, where an automobile was waiting. While the shrieking girls struggled with their captors two other men in the car poked their weapons from windows and threatened all who approached.

As Policeman Joseph Horn of the Herbert Street Station ran up the car speeded away, leaving the two men and the girls on the sidewalk. The men fled, with Horn firing his revolver in pursuit. At the third shot, at Frost street and Graham avenue, the fugitives surrendered.

Charges of assault made against them at the station were ordered changed to attempted kidnapping when they were arraigned before Magistrate O'Neil in the Bridge Plaza Court. Each was held in bail of $5,000 for examination. They described themselves as Tony Carnavolo, 92 Havemyer street, Brooklyn, and Vincenzio Garagola of 158 Orchard street, Manhattan.

Katherine Saracina, 16, of 29 Havemeyer street, who lives within two blocks of the address given by Carnavolo, and Pauline Minore, 18, of 120 Roebling street, told the magistrate that they had never previously seen their assailants. Several women in the crowd who had helped to calm the girls, accompanied them to the station and to court. A policeman was assigned to accompany them daily to and from work.

Perfectly Obvious

By JAMES PERLEY HUGHES

"THE great trouble with many of you modern detectives is that you ignore the perfectly obvious. You look to informers for everything, and when you encounter some master criminal who works alone you are lost."

The speaker was a man who looked not more than forty-five, yet Hamilton Gray had passed the three-score milestone in life's journey. Only a patch of silver over the ears broke the blue-black of his wavy hair. Eyes of twinkling blue peeped out from bushy brows. Ruddy cheeks spoke of perfect health, and the dimple in his chin had once caused girls of three succeeding generations to go into ecstasies.

"But what is obvious to you is Latin to another," replied the young man on the other side of the great library table, behind which Hamilton Gray sat enthroned like some merchant prince.

"Your analogy is perfect," the elder man agreed as he adjusted the gold pince nez that was attached to a scholarly black ribbon. "Epictetus is an enigma to the uneducated, but the meaning of *empta dolore docet experientia* is obvious to the learned."

Godfrey Caswell studied the man before him. The waxed mustache of iron-gray, the long-skirted black coat and flowing tie would have led the average observer to classify him as a successful man of the artist type, a conductor of grand opera or a sculptor, rather than a criminologist.

"Take the Castro case, for example," he went on in illustration. "It was evident to the police that he had killed his brother-in-law through jealousy. Once obsessed with the idea, Inspector Mulvaney could see no other answer to the problem. Instead of going on with the inquiry, his eyes open to the obvious, he bent every bit of evidence to fit his pet theory. Thus it was that the guilty man escaped."

"But who was the guilty man? I often wondered, for I worked on that case a while."

"The guilty man was a woman." Gray's blue eyes twinkled as he voiced this paradox. "She has since died. She was Castro's sister. That is why he refused to talk, and Mulvany never forgave him for withstanding the third degree."

"I see nothing obvious in that," confessed the young man.

"Did you ever know any man who could keep silent except for a woman he loved? The solution was manifest."

"I would like to see a practical demonstration of the perfectly obvious," Caswell murmured half to himself.

The subdued ringing of a muffled telephone bell was heard, and Hamilton Gray spoke into the transmitter with that cool, modulated voice so soothing to some and distracting to others.

"All right, Kitty," were his concluding words, "I shall be right over, and will bring Godfrey Caswell with me. Oh, he's all right—a protégé of mine. If your woman's intuition tells you that he is innocent I'll bank my professional reputation that he is. Never mind about their piling up evidence against him. *Facile est inventis addere.* Oh, I'll translate that later."

As he hung up the receiver he touched a brazen gong upon the desk.

"My hat, stick and gloves, Kwang," he told the venerable Chinese who answered the summons.

"Let's go over and see if we can find the perfectly obvious as applied to crime." This to the younger man: "Kitty Gordon, a dear little friend of mine, tells me that her

brother has been charged with stealing thirty thousand dollars from Kensington & Company. She says she knows he is innocent and demands that I prove it."

A limousine with a Chinese chauffeur at the wheel was waiting when they emerged from the house. With his tall silk hat, gold-headed ebony cane and spotless gray gloves, Hamilton Gray now looked like a famous physician summoned into the presence of royalty.

Business in the great offices of Kensington & Company was at a standstill when they arrived. About the nickel-steel doors of the vault stood a group made up of the heads of the firm and some detectives. Of the latter two were representatives of the city detective bureau, while the others were from a private agency. In their midst was a young man of not more than twenty-eight, his head bowed, and upon his wrists a pair of gleaming handcuffs.

A faint, swift rustle, and a girl dashed up to Hamilton Gray and threw her arms around his neck as she sobbed out her story.

"I know he's not guilty," she wept. "Tell these detectives to take those horrible things off his wrists."

Gray soothed her for a moment, then gently took her arms from his neck.

"Good-morning, gentlemen," the criminologist greeted the circle around the safe door. "Miss Gordon has done me the honor to retain me in this case. I hope I am not intruding."

"Why, good-morning, doctor." It was Cassell of the city detective bureau who replied to the greeting. "Not at all. You can't do the defense very much good, though. We have everything but a confession."

"I believe you had everything but a confession in the Castro case," politely murmured Gray.

Detective Cassell turned a violent red, but was quick to retort:

"We've got old John J. Fingerprints working for us this time," and he pointed to the representative of the Bertillon department, who was setting up his camera to photograph the impressions that had been brought out into bold relief by dusting white powder upon the black face of the vault door.

"So I see," said Gray, and he made a hurried inspection of the scene.

There were fingerprints everywhere—upon the knob of the safe, its doors and upon the face of the strong box within.

"Complete," was Cassell's succinct explanation. Then, pointing to a series of prints exposed by the powder, "There's a perfect set. Every finger. They all tally. Jones here has just made a test, getting impressions of every one in the office. It's an open-and-shut case, doctor. You might as well go back to your Latin and have a quiet, restful afternoon. You'd be a fool to monkey with this case."

"'*Fortuna favet fatuis,*'" quoted the distinguished-looking visitor mildly, and then, turning to Marshall Kensington, head of the firm: "What is Ralph Gordon's position in this office?"

"Manager of the Oriental imports."

"Does he have anything to do with the safe?"

"Nothing."

"Did he know that you had a large amount of money in your vault over the week end?"

"Yes. It was turned in by his department as a result of a sale to some Chinese merchants, who paid in cash."

"Has he a good reputation?"

"The best."

"Do you believe him guilty?"

"I would not had I not seen the evidence of his guilt with my own eyes. This evidence——"

"'*Nimium ne crede colori.*'" Hamilton Gray adjusted his pince nez and glared benignly at the head of the house of Kensington. "I will do you a favor if I show you that——"

"You will be doing us all a favor if you prove that Ralph Gordon is not a thief, but I am afraid that circumstances are very much against you. Both the city detectives and the operatives from the private agency to which we subscribe agree that it is what they call an open-and-shut case."

"The police conclusion, reached after

only a cursory examination of the evidence," said Gray rather brusquely.

"Of course we are very anxious to get the money back," Kensington went on. "To be frank, a loss of this size will hit us hard, as we have a number of drafts maturing. I told the boy that if he returned some of the money we would not prosecute. He only——"

"——Maintained his innocence in spite of your entreaties." Gray placed the tall silk hat carefully upon his head and turned to Cassell of the city detective bureau. "If I were you, sergeant, I wouldn't be in too much of a hurry."

"Say, listen, doctor," the plain-clothes man replied; "this is as good as though we caught him in the act. Fingerprints don't lie."

"But there might be a mistake," Kitty Gordon interrupted in a tearful voice.

"Fingerprints don't make mistakes," growled the detective. "He made a mistake when he smeared his marks all over the place. Come along now, Gordon; we'll go down to headquarters, and you can tell your story to the chief."

A cry burst from the girl's lips as her brother was led away.

"Kitty, you come with us." Hamilton Gray took the girl's arm gently. "You may be of aid in our inquiries."

The girl, however, was too unnerved to speak coherently, and they took her home, where she rushed into the arms of a hysterical mother, while her distraught father paced the floor.

"Don't, dear young lady"—the criminologist-philosopher became for a moment merely a kind and paternal elderly gentleman—"it'll come out all right."

They returned to Gray's home, where a consultation was held with an amplified card index. Caswell watched his preceptor work swiftly and silently.

"A perfectly obvious case, but, unfortunately for Gordon, his guilt is written as plainly as though in letters a foot high," ventured Cassell.

"It is perfectly obvious that he is innocent." His host spoke enigmatically. "I am sorry that you are as sightless as the authorities themselves. Rather interesting case, however, as it is the first time a job like it has been done out here."

"But you can't get away from the fingerprints," Cassell expostulated,

"No," was the grave assent. "They cannot be ignored."

"And no two men in the world have identical prints."

"That is axiomic, but I see that the perfectly obvious has escaped you. Come around this evening. I am going to the Hall of Justice and have a talk with Gordon. He can supply some much needed information."

Ralph Gordon was seated in a corner of his cell, his head buried in his arms, when Hamilton Gray was ushered in by the turnkey. The elder man waited until the retreating footsteps of the jailer told that he had turned the corner of the corridor.

"I have come to help you," began Gray with a grave smile. "Your sister Kitty is a dear little girl, of whom I am very fond. I also know your father and mother, so you can be frank with me."

"But I didn't steal the money. I know nothing about it. Don't you understand? It's all a mistake. I cannot explain, but I didn't take it, and I've told it, and told it, and told it until I'm almost dotty."

"I know you didn't."

The young man's face registered delighted surprise as his distinguished visitor voiced these words.

"That is why I have come to you," Gray went on. "If I am to prove a theory I have and you are to prove your innocence, we must work together."

"I can prove that I was not in the office either Saturday or Sunday night, and was in the country all day Sunday," Gordon declared vehemently. "I told the chief that. He only laughed and said that an alibi was no good; that my fingerprints proved that I really was there. They have made photographic enlargements of those on the safe and taken some more of mine. It looks as though they had me railroaded. But honest, doctor, I'm——"

"I want to know if at any time in the past forty-eight hours you told any person about

the money in the vault—probably Saturday afternoon."

Gordon reflected for a moment; then his face suddenly flushed.

"At the golf club," he cried, and then in an apologetic tone: "I didn't mean to say anything that would hurt the firm."

"Of course not," Gray agreed. "Now try to remember what happened then. It is very important."

"There was Doctor Streeter and George Bemis, a young attorney, Davis Knowles and Don Phillips. We were talking about business on the club veranda. I guess I got to bragging about Kensington & Company."

"I think I know most of them, but who is this Davis Knowles?"

"Oh, he's a fine chap. Been all over the world. Has plenty of money. I put him up at the club a couple of weeks ago. Met him down at Del Monte at the tournament. Lives at the Fairmont, I believe."

Further questioning regarding Davis Knowles only developed the fact that Gordon had loaned him his golf sticks Saturday afternoon and that they were returned to the club Sunday morning. Knowles had told some friends that he intended to take a trip South, but would be back in a few weeks, after looking over investments in that part of the State.

The criminologist then left the prisoner and went to the office of the police chief, after assuring Gordon that he hoped to have him out within a few days.

"I want to be at liberty; I have done nothing," protested Gordon.

"This is a case where you will have to prove your innocence," answered Gray. "It's against the spirit of the law to call a man guilty until his guilt is proven. We are facing a peculiar condition, not a theory. *'Hinc illae lachrymae,'* as Horace puts it."

From the chief Gray received a good-natured wigging, and copies of the enlarged fingerprints taken from the vault door, and others made by Ralph Gordon since his arrival at police headquarters.

"You know something about these things, Gray," laughed the chief as he put the two sets of enlargements side by side. "Even a flatfoot who pounds a beat out in the suburbs could tell that those prints were from the same hand. What's the defense going to be, Doc—insanity, shell shock, or an unprecedented coincidence bolstered up by an alibi? I'll admit that the alibi is pretty good thus far. I've been checking up on it, but we will find the usual flaw, and clang will go the door of a nice steam-heated cell."

An indulgent smile was all the satisfaction the chief received as Hamilton Gray wished him good-day and suggested in a tone that was almost juvenile that it was a great life if one did not weaken.

From then on the movements of the criminologist were swift and effective.

He stepped into his waiting limousine and whispered an order that sent the machine speeding into Chinatown. Two silent figures dressed in black accompanied the chauffeur when he came out of a building upon which were emblazoned the cabalistic letters of a famous tong.

Up Washington street the car purred to Mason and then on to the Fairmount Hotel. Inquiries at the desk elicited the information that the guest sought had just checked out and had ordered his trunks sent to the Third and Townsend street station, preparatory to taking the train for Los Angeles.

"To the ferry as fast as you can go," Gray called through the tube when he had taken his seat, and half to himself he murmured: "Perfectly obvious."

It was in the crowd that boarded the ferry boat *Alameda,* bound for the Oakland mole, that he pointed out to his Chinese assistants a fashionably dressed man carrying a small hand-grip. As the doctor approached him from the front the two Chinamen closed in on either side. In a flash one Chinese was secreting a revolver he had taken from the stranger's pocket, while the other had the handbag in his possession.

A few quiet words induced the prisoner to accompany Gray to a seat.

They returned to San Francisco on the same boat, and were soon speeding in the great limousine up the steep slope of Russian Hill.

His job finished, Gray went home.

Godfrey Cassell was the first to arrive that evening. He found his host seated at his desk, immersed in a copy of Epictetus.

"A sound philosopher, Epictetus," said Gray as he carefully marked the place and laid the book aside. "I shall recommend him both to yourself and the chief."

At this juncture the police chief was announced.

"Going to show me up again?" was his greeting as he shook hands with his host. "Well, I don't mind as long as it is private like this, but I do object to the public being informed of my shortcomings."

Kitty Gordon and her father arrived soon after. They were followed by Marshall Kensington, head of the exporting company.

"I wish to perform a little experiment here that will show the fallibility of what is regarded as conclusive evidence," Hamilton Gray began when all were seated. "The chief is regarded as an authority in his line, and I am going to ask him to assist me."

The enlarged photographs of the fingerprints made by Ralph Gordon were placed upon the desk.

"Do you recognize these?" asked Gray.

The chief nodded.

"Where is Ralph Gordon now?"

"If he hasn't escaped since I left headquarters he is in a cell."

A stifled cry came from Kitty Gordon.

"Perhaps you had better call up headquarters and make sure that he is still there."

"I am ready to swear that he is."

"Just to make this experiment scientifically accurate, I would suggest that you get in touch with headquarters."

All were silent while the police department head spoke to his subordinates over the telephone.

"Well, that fact is settled," he declared to the little group as he hung up the receiver. "Gordon is in cell Number Forty-one at this minute, and the doors are locked for the night."

Hamilton Gray brought out a flat piece of glass upon which had been smeared a small amount of printer's ink. Beside it he placed a clean sheet of paper. Carefully he inked his fingers and pressed them upon the white surface.

"Will you compare these with the photographic enlargements of Ralph Gordon's prints?" He handed the chief a magnifying-glass as he shoved the paper across the desk.

"What are you trying to do, doctor—kid me?" was the laughing rejoinder. "I don't need a glass to see that they are entirely different."

"Now for our little experiment." Gray was removing the ink stains from his fingers with a rag wet with gasolene. "Like all magicians, I must step behind a screen for an instant."

He touched the gong upon his desk, and a Chinese servant placed a beautifully carved oriental screen between him and the little group gathered in the library.

"Now the ink, Kwang," they heard the doctor's voice command. "Hand me the paper. All right, take away the screen."

Gray was standing at his desk with his hands behind him as the Chinese executed his last order. A gesture and Kwang handed the sheet of paper upon which Gray had impressed his own fingerprints. Another set now appeared below the originals.

"Compare these with the Gordon prints, chief."

There was a mutter of astonishment as the police head reached for the magnifying-glass. He studied the sheet intently for a moment and then looked up, with a bewildered expression written upon every lineament of his features.

"What is this—a trick?" he demanded.

"Ralph Gordon is still in his cell, is he not?" There was not the slightest touch of sarcasm in their host's tone.

"What the devil! These prints are identical with his."

"And now for the proof." Hamilton Gray reached behind his desk and brought forth a small handbag. Upon his hands were rubber gloves such as are used by surgeons. He handed the bag to Marshall Kensington. "I think you will find that it contains thirty thousand dollars."

"Then Gordon has given up the loot," muttered the exporter.

There came a sharp cry from Kitty and words of assurance from her father.

"The thief has confessed, but not Ralph Gordon," the criminologist went on; then he turned his attention to the chief. "It's a trick that the police of this country will have to look out for. It was first done in Leavenworth penitentiary several years ago. You perhaps paid little attention to the confidential reports at the time, but I have been on the outlook for something like this for the past two years. It was first detected by tracing prints that turned out to be identical with those of a man who was positively known to have been dead twenty years and buried in the prison cemetery.

"What are you driving at?" demanded the chief.

"It was then they realized that fingerprints could be forged," Gray went on. "I am happy to state that I have a complete confession not only as to the crime, but also something that is far more important to me as a criminologist, the thief's *modus operandi.*"

The chief leaned forward in his chair.

"Briefly, his method was as follows," the criminologist continued: "Through a careless conversation on Ralph's part a clever criminal discovered that Kensington & Company had a large amount of cash on hand in their vault. Opening safes was this man's specialty, and he worked quickly. This is how he did it: His first step was to borrow something that Ralph had handled frequently. What would be more simple than golf sticks? Being a clever thief, he knew that the simplest way to make his escape was to throw suspicion upon some one else and thus cover his trail. He brought out the fingerprints on the golf sticks the same way the police intensified those on the doors and walls of the Kensington vaults. Then he photographed them. Next came a copper etching of the prints."

Hamilton Gray now extended his hands, upon which were the surgeon's rubber gloves.

"Next he took rubber gloves and heated the tips of the fingers until they were soft. These were pressed against the copper engraving, and the result was a replica of Ralph Gordon's finger whorls."

"The devil!" This in a low growl from Kitty's father.

"Yes, he was a devil," Gray continued, "one of the most unscrupulous criminals at large. The rest of his task was easy. He was an expert on opening safes, and with his trail covered, he took his time in leaving. That is how I was able to catch him. I have that bird downstairs in one of my private cells, with two Chinese standing guard. You can have him, chief; he's now ready to plead guilty, as he knows I've got the evidence to convict him."

"Who is he?"

"A crook named Dan Kennedy, alias David Knowles or anything else you want to call him."

"Kennedy? Is he out again?"

"Pardoned about three months ago. Really, chief, you should pay more attention to the bureau bulletins."

"But Ralph is still in jail," Kitty broke in.

"We'll get him out of jail as fast as we can," and the chief took the telephone receiver from its hook.

"Oh, we must go to him right away!" cried the girl, and she looked up at Hamilton Gray with swimming eyes. "How can I ever thank you?" she asked gratefully.

Two policemen took away their prisoner, and Godfrey Cassell and his preceptor were left alone in the great library.

"Another example of the perfectly obvious," the elder began as he took up the neglected volume of Epictetus.

"But you couldn't call anything about this case by that term!" ejaculated the young man.

"Couldn't I? My dear boy, it was apparent from the first. When we arrived at the offices of Kensington & Company we found full sets of fingerprints on the door of the vault, the knob of the combination, the cashbox inside and walls of the safe itself. Not even an amateur thief would have done that. I realized the moment I saw all those fingerprints plastered around that the crook wanted to leave a false trail. In other words, it was perfectly obvious. As Epictetus has it, *'Res ipsa loquitur.'*"

How a Pickpocket Works

"DO you see that man standing over by the window? That fellow with the mustache?"

The speaker was an officer in a well-known house of amusement.

"Yes," answered the writer; "what about him?"

"Oh, nothing; only he's a pickpocket."

"What! Why, he appears very respectable. Has he been doing anything crooked?"

"No. He just came in."

"You know him of old—eh?"

"Never saw him before. But his looks and actions give him away. I'd bet money he's just what I told you."

The writer stole another glance at the quiet-looking man, who, from all appearances, was enjoying the show, and laughed incredulously.

"Look here," said the officer, nettled; "you watch that fellow for a while right closely, but don't let him see your eyes on him, for he'll 'drop' in a moment, and if you don't agree with me before he leaves here I'll stand a fine supper for you."

The writer consented to assume the rôle of detective for a while, and took a position near by and in the rear of the "suspect." It was very interesting. After receiving the "tip" from the officer, it was very easy to see that the latter was right in his statements. Not that the quiet individual had attempted any work as yet, but his stealthy, sinuous movements, his nervous air of watchfulness and distrust, and the concentration of his gaze on the figures of the people around him—all these peculiarities convinced the watcher that something was wrong. Finally the fellow seemingly picked his prey and moved close to a gentleman in front of him. Then began the "crowding" operation—that is, he would press against the gentleman in front with his hand, arm or body. He would rest his hat partly against the intended victim's shoulder, or would hold his umbrella so that it would touch the gentleman's coat.

Suddenly the pickpocket, having prepared his victim, made a "pass" at the gentleman's pants pocket. Whether there was an instrument in his hand to cut the cloth could not be seen, but the attempt was unsuccessful.

Looking up, the writer saw the officer, who signed to him to say nothing. A moment later the pickpocket moved away to an unoccupied portion of the room.

"You saw that?" asked the officer.

"Yes."

"Well, he's done now for a time. Those fellows never try the same man twice, and they always take long rests between their 'jobs.' One reason for this is that they wish to recover their steadiness of nerve, which is so necessary to them. Another is that they are well aware that some one might by accident see their attempt at theft, and, if so, that one would watch them for a while at least. Pocket-picking is the boldest kind of thieving, and those who follow it can't afford to be reckless."

"Do they come here often?"

"Not very. They are watched too well. Every place of amusement has an officer, who is expected to 'spot' these people. Then the other attaches of the place are on the lookout for them. Why, I have three of our men watching this fellow now."

"Why don't you arrest him?"

"It would only harm the reputation of our place, without doing any good; for that fellow hasn't stolen anything yet, and I couldn't make a case against him."

Just then the pickpocket happened to look up, and seeing the officer's eyes gazing at him, he turned away and, buttoning up his overcoat, sauntered out of the room.

"He's on," said the officer, "and he won't come here soon again. I'll notify the cop outside to keep an eye on him."

Mystery Magazine

The feature stories already published in this magazine are worth reading. The following are the titles of the novelettes contained in the numbers already printed.

1 "The Eel Man," by Robert Carlton Brown.
2 "Zitana of Maison Rouge," by F. W. Doughty.
3 "The Mysterious Web," by Armstrong Perry.
4 "Under the Hypnotic Spell," by Dr. H. Enton.
5 "The Silken Sheath," by Crittenden Marriott.
6 "A Fortune Teller's Secret," by Gladys Hall.
7 "The Mystic Emblem," by Marie Coolidge Rask.
8 "The Cards of Fate," by William Goode.
9 "Mr. Bachellor's Apartments," by W. H. Osborne.
10 "The Inner Wheel," by Octavius Roy Cohen.
11 "The Voice of the Valley," by Robt. C. Brown.
12 "The Sign of the Seven Sharks," by C. F. Oursler.
13 "Under a Mask," By Crittenden Marriott.
14 "Case 4,444," by Gladys Hall.
15 "After a Million," by Police Captain Howard.
16 "Shadowing the Blue Triangle," by C. F. Oursler.
17 "The Case of Captain Fortesque," by R. Ingalls.
18 "The Bird-Headed Sphinx," by Edith S. Tupper.
19 "The Double Mystery," by Dr. Harry Enton.
20 "The Magician Detective," by C. F. Oursler.
21 "King Cobra Mystery," by George Gilbert.
22 "The Haunted Corridors," by Wm. H. Osborne.
23 "No Man's Man," by Maxwell Smith.
24 "The Trevor Puzzle," by T. C. Harbaugh.
25 "The Trail of Roses," by Edmund Condon.
26 "The Hindoo Vanishing Clue," by Pauline Bouve.
27 "Who Was Guilty?" by Beulah Poynter.
28 "The Evil Eye," by Chas. F. Oursler.
29 "The Thirteenth Door," by Edith S. Tupper.
30 "The Game of Detective Carew," by L. Jerome.
31 "Law-maker and Law-breaker," by B. Poynter
32 "The Counterfeit Heiress," by Inspector Harrigan.
33 "Tracked to China," by Chief Roger O'Brien.
34 "After the German Spies," by May Halsey Miller.
35 "The Clue in the Box," by Alexander Douglas.
36 "Trained by a French Detective," by Rene Renaud.
37 "A Drop of Ink," by Lieut. Robt. W. Warden.
38 "The Ten Doctors," by Allan Arnold Fox.
39 "The Stain on Page 61," by Chas. T. Jordan.
40 "A Masked Mystery," by Police Sergeant Kelly.
41 "The Black Soul," by Beulah Poynter.
42 "The Sanctuary," by Wm. H. Osborne.
43 "The Mystery of the Seven Shadows," by Chas. F. Oursler.
44 "The Sign of the Dragon," by C. Martin Eddy, Jr.
45 "The Magic of Detective Woo Fang," by Frank F. Whitfield.
46 "The Decoy," by William Hamilton Osborne.
47 "The House With 30 Steps," by Ralph D. Porter.
48 "When the Clock Struck 13," by Dr. Harry Enton.
49 "A Piece of Blotting Paper," by Dorothy Weber.
50 "The $200,000 Mystery," by Ethel Rosemon.
51 "The Case of Dr. Brice," by Mary R. P. Hatch.
52 "The Phantom Motor," by Laura R. Montgomery.
53 "The Blackjack," by William H. Osborne.
54 "The Whispering Head," by Chas. F. Oursler.
55 "The Inspector's Strange Case," by B. Poynter.
56 "The Secret of the Sealed Book," by E. Rosemon
57 "The Clue of Steel," by Willis Lathrop.
58 "Alias Louis Vardon," by Wm. H. Osborne.
59 "Mystery of the Old-Time Club," by C. Bingold.
60 "Caught With the Evidence," by Ethel Rosemon.
61 "A Little Gold Spider," by Cecil Burleigh.
62 "The Velvet Touch," by Julian Darrow.
63 "The Clue of the Red Lamp," by C. F. Oursler.
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65 "Quicker Than the Eye," by Ralph Cummins.
66 "The Clue of the Dark Room," by H. Craigie.
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70 "The House Behind the Wall," by Julian Darrow.
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72 "The Canine Clue," by Thomas J. Lally.
73 "The Psychic Enemy," by Arthur Wm. Anderson.
74 "The Wonder Girl," by Ralph Cummins.
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77 "The Little White Room," by Edmund Jones.
78 "The Stolen Year," by Edmund Elliot.
79 "The Affair at Hollywood House," by W. Kofoed.
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82 "Who Killed McNally?" by Beulah Poynter.
83 "The Clue of the Whorl," by Katherine Stagg.
84 "The 'Czar' and the Ring," by Edmund Elliot.
85 "The Clue of Flame," by Jack Bechdolt.
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87 "The Man in Room No. 7," by Chas. F. Oursler.
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99 "The Cross," by W. S. Ingram.
100 "The Secret Service Mystery," by Hamilton Craigie and Elliot Balestier.
101 "A Crimson Price," by Elliott Lester.
102 "The Inspector's Strange Case," by G. Jacobs.
103 "A Museum Mystery," by Jack Bechdolt.
104 "The Little Red Book," by J. Alexander Young.
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106 "The Clue of the Emerald Ring," by B. Poynter.
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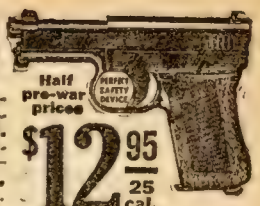

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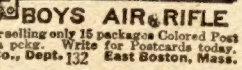
FREE  **BOYS AIR RIFLE**

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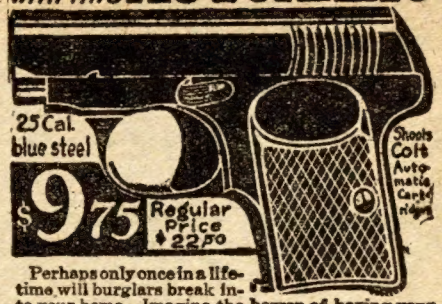

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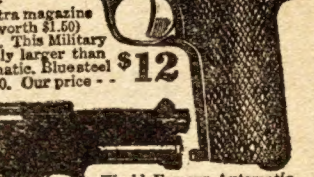

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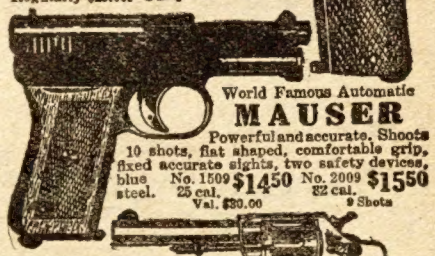

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